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DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1838. VO.865--VOL. XVII.—NO. 10.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

DR BEECHER'S LECTURE ON ATHEISM.

The Cincinnati Journal gives a report of the first Lecture of a course which Dr Beecher is delivering to the Mechanics of Cincinnati, from which the following is extracted. No one who is acquainted with his peculiarities could mistake the author.

When at first we Americans set up for independence, kings, nobles and priesthood stood aghast! They pitied us, poor orphans, who had no 'church and state' to take care of us. They feared that we should all go back again to *skins and acorns*; but we have kept along for fifty years or more, and we have in that time made some bread stuff, some cloth, and *considerable* pork. We have thoughts of trying it fifty years more—and if we stick to the good old way of 'God and Liberty,' I think we shall succeed.

Thus far we have done pretty well; but there are some—not many, I hope,—though I *fear* there be those, who are not willing to let pretty well alone, and are anxious to try some experiments to make us more free and happy than we have yet been. They have discovered, they think, that there is no God! That the Bible is a fable! And they think that civil government is an usurpation, and separate families and separate property are a curse; that it is a vile monopoly for a man to have any wife in particular, or for a son to know his own father; that *liberty* is the right of every man to do as he pleases, and *equality* the right of every man to be as handsome, wise, and witty as his neighbor—the right to live in as fine a house, to dress as well, and eat and drink as much by *weight* and *measure*.

You all remember the fable of the dog, who by grasping at the shadow of his marrow bone, lost what he had, and gained nothing. Let us be careful lest by grasping at a shadow we lose our marrow bone. Let us wait until some other nation has made an experiment, and by the principles of atheism—by the overthrow of civil institutions and in the abandonment of all sacred and social ties—has made itself freer and happier than we now are. Let us not, therefore, abandon them for any mere experiment.

If any thing can destroy our nation, it is such fanatical and profligate opinions as I have mentioned; and were they not printed and circulated, I could not believe they are entertained. It is true, that while Atheism has corrupted kings and nobles, it has served to overthrow despotisms and exalt the people; and after all the convulsions which France has undergone, there is, on the whole, an increase of liberty.

But put these Atheistic principles under a republic and set the match to them, and the people, as well as the rulers, will be blown to atoms. Let opposition to authority and law obtain here, and we are lost—our constitutions will be but a rope of sand.

Ever since the apostles of Infidelity have turned their mission to the laborers and artizans, I have trembled for my country. My own ancestors were artizans. My father was a worker in iron. He was well read in history, intelligent and virtuous. He was industrious and patriotic, and had respect and influence in the community in which he lived. Until I was sixteen, I worked on the farm, or with him wielded the hammer in making hoes and other implements of husbandry. I glory in my ancestry. Tis to my habitual muscular action that I owe the measure of health and endurance which have attended me through life, and which has enabled me to breast storms and exposure to east winds without quailing.

I know that the heart and bone and sinew of liberty are with the agriculturists and artizans, and that with them is the last citadel of liberty. And I know who has carried among them lying sophistries and corrupting principles. And I have looked on and wept; and I would fain come to the rescue of this best hope of my country. If ever I longed for the power of ubiquity, it was that I might go to every artizan and counteract the poison that infidelity had mingled in his cup.

A Government of God desirable.

It seems very desirable to have a God, provided we might have one all-wise, all-powerful, and perfectly benevolent, who should make us the subjects of his perfect government forever. In attempting therefore, to prove the being of such a God, do I attempt to prove any thing against your wishes? Who could wish the argument to fail? Who wishes to have it proved to him that he is a mere animal, and that there is nothing beyond this life but eternal night? Who deprecates immortality, unless he feels himself to be so wicked and so determined to continue thus, that it would be better for him to be annihilated than to come into the presence of a God who is holy, just and good?

The argument all on one side.

You cannot prove that there is no God. No one attempts to do so. The most which is advanced is, that we cannot prove there *is* one. So far, then, we are even; but we shall soon see that there are some probabilities, at least, that there *is* a God. And if we believe there is one, it can do us no harm even if we be mistaken; but if we disbelieve, and act as if there *were* none, and it should be found afterward that there *is* a God, it will indeed be terrible.

The proof is the best possible.

The evidence of the being of a God is exactly what it *would* be if there was a God. The evidence is from *design*—the wise adaptation of means to ends. Every effect, we say, must have a cause. *Design* is an effect, our bodies, the plants, and the heavenly orbs, we call effects. But to say that such effects as these—such designs—had not an intelligent designer, is as absurd as to say that there can be an effect without a cause.

If there be a god, an Almighty mind, that did create this universe, there could be no higher evidence of design than we now behold. All is now as if there was a God, and there is no evidence to the contrary. And what better evidence than this would any jury wish to a point alleged, that all the circumstances in the case are as they would be if the thing supposed was true, and there is no contrary evidence to show it is not? Would they hesitate how to decide?

No evidence for Atheism.

There is no evidence that the indications above and around us are the results of accident. There is no historical evidence of men ever coming out of mud and water. There is no evidence that when the earth was soft, they began to crawl out of the slime like locusts, and as it began to harden, that they managed to get on their legs and run about.

But if such were the sport of nature, we should expect to find fragments, such as bodies without heads and legs, legs without bodies and heads and arms. For why should chance happen always to *finish* a thing? Even a designer may make some things by mistake, and you have scattered through your shops various fragments of designs. But nature's workmanship is perfect. And how happens it that she always works as *if* by design.

All the indications of design in the arts of life are traceable to intelligent minds. No one for a moment believes that saw mills and steamboats were ever made by chance and had no designer. The man who should wait for his bed and chairs to happen, and should stir up the mud and water to produce them, would have to wait a great while. *Such* accidents do not happen now-a-days.

God's existence and man's proved by the same arguments.

We prove, then, the existence of the eternal mind, just as we prove that of the human mind. As you prove yourself a rational being, so do I prove the being of God. Give me now the arguments by which you will prove to me that you are a rational creature, and I will take those same arguments and prove an intelligent Creator. Do you say we cannot see God. I say, neither can I see you; I cannot look into your mind; but if you speak and write intelligently, or do any thing that indicates design, then I will believe you have a mind.

But if you deny that design proves a designer, then may I deny your rationality. But if you admit the argument as it regards yourself, you can't stop there with it, but it must go up with accumulating force. It is short but glorious; far it proves a God, a God over all blessed forever!

Suppose now you should send out a committee to see if there were any intelligent minds in Cincinnati, and they should return and report that they could find no evidence of it. What! you would say; did you go into the stores? Did you not see any goods, or any thing? 'Oh, yes, we saw a good many such things, some cloths, &c. but these might all come by chance.' Well, but did you go into the jeweler's stores and into the toy shops? 'Yes, Yes, we went every where, and didn't see any thing but what might have come by chance.' Why! didn't you see any men, nor women, nor any children? 'Oh, yes, we saw plenty of those automatons going about, but there is no evidence they had any minds. *They* might have come by chance as well as the other things.' And *such* a committee might turn the telescope towards heaven, and say they could see no evidence *there* of an intelligent Creator.

How to make Christ our pattern.—As a scholar that writes after his master's copy—he begins every line as his master begins, and ends as he ends; he frames every letter as his master frames it, joins letters and syllables as his master doth, though there be no equality. He cannot write as well as his master, yet there is a similitude, he labors to imitate and write like his master. So true Christians, though they cannot live and walk so exactly as Christ did, yet they labor to come near to him as they can, to imitate and follow him, though not in his Divine acts, as working miracles, which he did as God, yet in his moral and human acts, which he did as man, so they labor to make him their only pattern in their deportment both toward God and man. For instance his carriage toward God was full of piety, faith, zeal, heavenly mindedness. He went about doing good to the bodies and souls of others; and in this we are to imitate him, it being the end of our redemption. Follow him also in his carriage and deportment toward man; and in this you may observe from Scripture that it was full of wisdom, innocence, truth, justice, humility, meekness, love, mercy, and pity to others, in all of which virtues the Scriptures command us to imitate him.—*Bartlett.*

Utility of the Bible.—Dr Olinthus Gregory relates the following visit which he paid to a poor man greatly afflicted. On entering the cottage, I found him alone, his wife having gone to procure him milk from a neighbor. I was startled at the sight of a palefaced man, a living image of death, fastened up in his chair by a rude mechanism of cords and belts hanging from the ceiling. He was totally unable to move hand or foot, having for more than four years been totally deprived of the use of his limbs, yet at the same time, suffering extreme anguish from swelling at his joints. As soon as I had recovered a little from my surprise at seeing so pitiful an object, I asked, 'Are you left alone, my friend, in this deplorable situation?' 'No, sir,' replied he, in a touchingly feeble tone of mild resignation, (nothing but his lips and eyes moving while he spake,) 'I am not left alone, for God is with me.' On advancing, I soon found the secret of this striking declaration: for his wife had left on his knees, propped with a cushion formed for the purpose, a Bible, lying open at a favorite portion of the Psalms of David. I sat down by him, and conversed with him. On ascertaining that he had a small weekly allowance certain, I inquired how the remainder of his wants were supplied. 'Why,' said he, 'tis true, as you say, seven shillings a week would never support us; but when it is gone, I rely upon the promise I find in this book, '*Bread shall be given him and his water shall be sure!*' I asked him, if he ever felt tempted to repine under the pressure of so long-continued and heavy a calamity? 'Not for the last three years,' said he, 'blessed be God for it,' the eye of faith sparkling and giving life to his pallid countenance while he made the declaration;—'for I have learned in this book in whom to believe; and though I am aware of my weakness and unworthiness, I am persuaded he will never leave me nor forsake me. And so it is, that often when my lips are closed with lock jaws, and I cannot speak to the glory of God, he enables me to sing his praises in my heart!'

[From the Mother's Magazine.]

MATERNAL EFFORTS.

It is the duty of mothers to instruct their daughters how to sustain reverses of fortune. Frequent and sudden as these have been in our own country, it is important that young females should possess some employment, by which they might obtain a livelihood, in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitiful and contemptible is it, to see the mother desponding or helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and to cheer.

'I have lost my whole fortune,' said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home. 'We can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no more go to expensive schools. What we shall do for a living, I know not. Yesterday, I was a rich man. To-day, there is nothing left that I can call my own.'

'Dear husband,' said the wife, 'we are still rich, in each other and in our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands, and loving hearts.' 'Dear father,' said the children, 'do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living.'

'What can you do, poor things?' said he. 'You shall see, you shall see,' answered several cheerful voices. 'It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight healthy children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again.'

'I shall help,' said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. 'I will not have any new frock bought, and I shall sell my great wax doll.' The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk in his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

He left his stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture, were sold, and she who had been so long the mistress of the mansion, shed no tear. 'Pay every debt,' said she, 'let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy.'

He took a neat cottage, and a small piece of ground, a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest ones assisted her in the work of the household, and instructed the younger children. Besides, they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered, with taste, some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to merchants in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market, in the cart that conveyed their vegetables; they plaited straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle-work. Every one was at his post, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a bee-hive.

'I never enjoyed such health before,' said the father. And I never was as happy before.' 'And I never was as happy before,' said the mother. 'We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in the great house,' said the children, 'and we love each other a great deal better, here. You call us your little bees.' 'Yes,' replied the father, 'and you make just such honey as the heart loves to feed on.'

Economy, as well as industry, was strictly observed. Nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecesary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant-teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place, as instructress to the family.

The little dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and vines and flowering-trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under its wood-bine covered porch in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy drawing-room.

'We are now thriving and prosperous,' said he, 'shall we return to the city?' 'Oh, no, no,' was the unanimous reply. 'Let us remain,' said the wife, 'where we have found health and contentment.' 'Father,' said the youngest, 'all we children hope you are not going to be rich again.'

'For then,' she added, 'we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you, or mother. Now, we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us as happy when we were rich, and did not work. So, father, please not to be a rich man any more.'

The females of other countries sometimes make far greater exertions than they are accustomed to do in our own. It would seem that they are more athletic, and able to endure fatigue. This may probably arise from their being inured to more severe exercise, especially those of the poorer classes.

Joanna Martin, the wife of a day-laborer in England, was left a widow with six small children, and not a shilling for their support. The parish officers, perceiving it to be a case of great distress, offered to take charge of them. But the good mother resolved to depend only on the divine blessing, and her own industry.

The life on which she entered, was one of extreme hardship. She rose at two in the morning, and after doing what she could to make her little ones comfortable, walked eight, and sometimes ten miles, to the market-town, with a basket of pottery-ware on her head, which she sold, and returned with the profits before noon.

By this hard labor, and the greatest economy, she not only gained food and clothing for her children, but in the course of a year, saved the sum of about seven dollars. Then, finding herself under the necessity of quitting the cottage where she had lived, she formed the resolution of building one for herself.

Every little interval of time, which she could spare from her stated toils, she devoted to working upon the tenement which was to shelter her little ones; and 'with the assistance of good God,' said she, 'I was able at last to finish my cottage.' It was small, but comfortable, and might remind those who saw it, of what Cowper calls 'the peasant's nest.'

After several years, Joanna, by persevering in her industry and prudence, acquired enough to purchase a cart, and a small pony. 'Now,' said she, with delight, 'I can carry pottery-ware to the different towns round about, and drive a pretty brisk trade; for I begin to feel that I cannot walk thirty miles a day quite so well as when I was younger.'

She lived to advanced age, respected for her honesty, patient diligence, and maternal virtues. It was pleasant to observe the self-approbation and simplicity with which she would say, when quite old, 'to be sure, I am not very rich, but what I have is all of my own getting. I never begged a half-penny of any soul. I brought up my six children without help from the overseers of the parish, and can still maintain myself without troubling them for assistance.'

A disposition for active industry, and the patient endurance of adversity, should be taught by mothers to their daughters, and by instructors to the young under their charge. When man was first placed upon the earth, woman was pronounced by the Almighty, a 'help meet for him.' If, at any period of her life, whether a daughter or sister, as wife or mother, she turns back from being a helper, and from indolence becomes a burden, she forgets her duty to him, and disobeys the command of her Creator.

Hartford, Conn. L. H. S.

THE MOON AND THE FIRE.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF SCRIPTURE.

Sometime since, a destructive fire occurred in this vicinity. The scene was one of great excitement. The bells of the city and neighboring towns, the distant, rumbling thunder of wheels over pavements and bridges, the shouts of gathering crowds, the roar of the flames, the hurrying to and fro of men, and of a few women, with household articles, the appearance of the daring firemen on roofs and ladders to direct the streams from their engines, or pouring in the buildings contiguous to the one on fire, the anxious watching of the flames by many eyes from the windows of neighboring houses, the occasional mounting of the flames above their ordinary height, as a floor fell in, the cloud of smoke, embers, and large burning fragments of wood driven by the wind, the intense interest with which the probability of saving an adjacent block of stores was calculated by the crowd, while the raging element seemed triumphing over all attempts to stop it, and laughing at human hopes and fears,—together, made the sight exceedingly interesting and impressive.

The passions of the crowd were more exciting than any part of the scene. There was intense ambition amongst the firemen, anxiety or sorrow amongst the owners or occupants of buildings, hope and fear amongst the spectators, mingled, on the part of some, with careless unconcern and levity, and with oaths and banering; while, in one part of the throng, the police men hurried off some pilferers, followed by those whose interest in a new excitement overcame that awakened by the fire.

Turning suddenly, I saw the moon going up in the east. Her calm and quiet face was in strange contrast with the scenes around me. For a moment, the fire ceased to interest my feelings. As every thing else by reason of the excitement, seemed for the intelligent and conscious, I began to reason about the moon's appearance, as though she were conscious also. Indeed the moon always seems more like a conscious being than the sun. The almost human features which appear in her may lead to this impression. Her coming forth, when every thing is comparatively still, no doubt increases the strength of this fancy. Her less majestic appearance, also, leads us to personify her the more. At the time referred to, she seemed to look down upon the confusion with such an undisturbed face, that as before observed, I began to reason about it. 'She has witnessed so many of these scenes, since her creation, that she is no longer moved by them. She sees so many of them at this moment in different parts of this hemisphere, that she is alike indifferent to them all. She is thinking of the time of which these conflagrations remind her, when the world will be on fire, and she will fall from her sphere; and so she treads silently along her path like one afraid!'

Such fancies crowded my mind as I gazed at the moon, till they were interrupted by a cloud of smoke, that for a time eclipsed her lihgt. Soon, however, she re-appeared, moving with the same quiet pace amongst the clouds, her light unsullied and seemingly increased in brightness.

The words of Scripture came to my mind: 'Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, *fair as the moon*, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?'

The comparisons of Scripture, like those of common use, are not to be pressed to their extreme resemblances; and in this case, especially, to insist on the full likeness of the church of Christ to the moon, would not only be at variance with truth, but would conflict with the simile in the latter part of the verse, 'terrible as an army with banners.' Still the church of Christ should be, and, so far as she fulfils the intention of her Lord and Savior, is, in some respects, in comparison with the world, like the calm and quiet moon to the noisy, passionate scenes of the fire. How far she is to engage in controversies which are not exclusively religious, or which having a moral and religious object, involve political feelings and measures, we should probably differ. While she must be superior to the passion and strife of some of the agitating subjects of the world, she must let her light fall upon those who are engaged in them, with that equal goodness with which the common light is made to fall on the evil and the good. But while she enlightens the world, she must, in many respects, like the moon, be above it, showing that her chief object is as much superior to the local and conflicting interests of men of the world, as the great object of the moon is more important than the exciting interests and efforts at a fire. Whatever excitements arise, whatever contentions and angry passions seem at times to involve her with the world, and bring darkness upon the whole moral firmament, she must keep in her path of duty, remembering that she is appointed to give light, and that if she should descend from her sphere at temporal dangers and calamities, and make profane union with the world, her ordinances of light, by which the world is to compose its troubles, would fail of their appointed end. In all things merely secular, she must let the world put out its own fires. Like the moon, she must keep herself unspotted from the world. She must comprehend the globe, and have that equable and steady movement which the consciousness of great purposes gives those who are worthy to entertain them.

Every Christian, having as he does, a share in the promises made to the church, must also fulfil, in his proportion, her proper character and object. He should, therefore, in his intercourse with men, have that resemblance to the lesser light of Heaven, which in a measure constitutes the attractive beauty of the Church and her usefulness to the world. For if Christians universally should mingle in strifes in such a manner as to injure their piety, and thus the light in them be darkened, how great darkness would then brood over the whole earth.—*Religious Magazine.* N. A.

An Infidel's end.—Mirabeau, like all the leading names of France for the last century, was an infidel; it was the melancholy fancy of the time, and considered essential to the reputation of all who pretended to philosophy. There was but little in the religion of the land to rebuke the evil spirit—and its name was Legion. His last effort, when his speech failed him, was to write on his tablets—'Death is but a sleep;' and a request for some opium to 'extinguish his life and his pains together.' Still, even in this fatal insensibility to all that constitutes the greatness of the dying mind, and of those illustrious hopes and feelings which to Christians throw their light across the grave, the sinking man of genius showed some of that brilliancy which had once given him such distinction among his countrymen. 'Take away from my sight,' said he, 'all those funeral-looking things. Why should man be surrounded by the grave before his time? Give me flowers—let me have essences, arrange my dress. Let me hear music, and let me close my eyes in harmony.' But this passed away with the return of pain, and he once more asked eagerly for opium to end the struggle. The physician, to quiet his mind, gave him some water in a cup, telling him that it was opium. He swallowed it—dropped back upon his pillow—and was dead.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SIGNS OF CHRISTIAN PROGRESS.

One of the surest signs of advance in the Christian course is growing humility. As the Christian becomes purer, appproaches nearer to a high conception of the standard, given for his imitation, his perceptions of any fallings from that standard become more vivid and acute. Just in proportion as his views of Heaven are clear and distinct, his regret at being confined to earth by his passions and sins is poignant. Thus we can understand why we meet, in the journals of some of the purest and most devoted servants of God, with so many and so sad lamentations for sin and neglect of duty. To their clear eyes a vision of perfection has been revealed, which has not even glimmered on eyes jaundiced by passion and vice. They have partially realized the promise of their Savior to the pure in heart, for although they have not yet seen God, they have had a light flash upon their minds, which they know to be the veil of Deity, and through which they trust, when freed from their garment of dust, to look and see Him. As on a pure white cloth the slightest shade, which may harmonize with a darker cloth, is a blemish, so to a clean soul a shade of sin, unnoticed by the impure, is a disfiguring spot. Thus we can understand why to the good man, his past sins and present shortcomings are a source of great pain, and thence when our conscience begins to rebuke us sharply and call up in sad procession sins great and small, and proclaims to us that we are but unprofitable servants, we can trust that we are progressing in the Christian course, provided that we heed these admonitions, and without being discouraged, though we may be saddened, seek still to go on.

Another index of progress, is increasing love of prayer. If from engaging in our devotions as a duty, we feel occasional impulses to present to our Father our thanks for blessings and prayers for aid, we may believe that the Christian character is developing within us. But we cannot hope for these heart-felt impulses to devotion, if we perform not the acts becoming the child of the Universal Father, and the member of the great family. Nor should we despond, if these impulses are but occasional; for at the best, what are we? When we have done the most, are we not still children of the dust, still hankering after the world and its pleasures? It is ungrateful in us to despair because we cannot always feel the ecstacies of devotion; it is, we fear, too often rebellion against God's will and pleasure. We should be thankful for those opportunities of converse with him, which we are permitted to have, and seek constantly, by thinking and acting well, to have reason for hoping that he will grant us more frequently moments of communion with him.

Another mark of progress is pleasure in reading the Bible, and reading it with faith and reverence. I mean an understanding faith, not an ignorant. We cannot get this understanding faith without frequent study and reading. I would separate the two, for I cannot believe that we can read the Scriptures with great profit, when we are at the same time seeking by the aid of critics and commentators to get the precise meaning. It is our duty to *study* the Bible as faithfully as we can, and it will be our pleasure to read it as frequently as we can, if we are becoming better Christians.

The great object in studying the Bible is to discover its precise meaning, by finding the proper connexion between different parts, and by understanding the allusions to manners and customs, especially in the parables, in which we may be led astray by the figurative language, unless we see clearly to what allusion is made, and can separate that which is introduced to fill out the figure from what is essential to the moral. In endeavoring to find the connexion between parts, we shall receive much light by reading the Bible, as if it were not divided into chapters and verses. I fear much injury has been done by this division, for many Christians read their Bibles with as much regard to the verses and chapters, as if they were marked by the inspired authors themselves. Commentaries undoubtedly can aid us much in understanding the allusions to manners and customs, and in explaining many difficult passages, but beyond this their assistance is doubtful. For too many have received and believed and have strenuously contended for the views and explanations of commentators, as the true doctrines of Scripture. We should first read the passages as if there were no such things as commentaries, and have recourse to them when difficulties present themselves, which we cannot remove. Thus having studied the Scriptures or parts of them faithfully, and as far as possible having reached the true meaning, we are prepared to read them with profit. Let us study with as much reverence as we may, but when reading for improvement of our souls, let us drive away the criticising habits of the mere student. 'But cannot a person read the Bible with profit, till he has studied it, as you recommend?' Certainly he can, for it is the peculiar glory of the Bible, that it contains the one thing needful for all, and the seeker of salvation can find in it the treasure sought, though he has to spell out word by word. And so too the pious scholar, who has spent his days in studying the Scriptures, finds at his last reading in the last year of his life, that its treasures are unexhausted.

There is one other trait in the Christian character which, though unobserved by the possessor of that character is most pleasing to men and must be most acceptable to God. This trait is unconsciousness, and is most strikingly pourtrayed in the character of the righteous as given in the description of the Last Judgment. They seem surprised at hearing their benediction pronounced by the King for their good deeds of charity and benevolence, and exclaim, 'when saw we thee hungry, and fed thee?' They had done their acts of mercy, not because they feared punishment, not even because they thought it their duty, but because they could not help doing them, because it had become their nature to do them. Let us do our duty now, because it is our duty, let us offer our prayers, and read our Bibles and do what good we can, and we may hope that by the blessing of God, at length it will become our *meat* and *drink* to do the will of our Heavenly Father.

H. H. J.

A cockle-fish may as soon crowd the ocean into its narrow shell, as vain man ever comprehend the decrees of God.

COMBUSTION IS NOT ANNIHILATION.

The process of combustion seems pre-eminently to deserve the title of *destructive*, since no agent can produce so complete an apparent destruction of the combustible matter acted on as fire. When a wax candle is lighted and permitted to burn till it is consumed, scarcely a particle remains to indicate that the candle has ever been. Yet the materials of which the candle was formed, remain the same, undiminished and unchanged. This fact can be proved by the most satisfactory experiments. So far is combustion from being a process of annihilation it sometimes seems to be a *creation* of something out of nothing. For example, 'The inflammation of carburetted hydrogen gas, with which the streets and shops of our principal towns are now lighted differs essentially in its apparent results from the combustion of solid bodies. The gas is invisible and is not perceptible to the touch. The air in which it burns is neither seen nor felt. Yet the combustion of these two invisible impalpable bodies, produces a large quantity of liquid and solid matter (water and soot) independently of a third product, which is also generated during the process, in carbonic acid gas which is invisible. In this case therefore combustion exhibits itself as a creative instead of a destructive agent, though in fact the same causes followed by similar results operate in this as in every other instance of combustion. If our limited faculties were enabled to comprehend the nature of mind, we should, there is no doubt, trace its existence after the dissolution of the body with which it is connected in a manner equally certain as we are able to ascertain the indestructability of combustibles by fire; but the limited extent of our intellectual faculties prevents the investigation of such subtile essences.—*Bakewell.*

THE WORTH OF THE SOUL.

BY DR. GRIFFIN.

See that mingled throng in the streets, fluttering about like insects in the summer's sun—the reputed creatures of a day. How little is it considered that every one of that number, and of those human shapes in the filthy dungeon, is destined to eternal progression, and will one day be greater than kings in glory or equally great in misery. Fix your eyes a little upon that throng, and silently mark whither they will go when they disperse. I follow one with my eyes to his secret apartment; I see the shiverings of death stealing upon him; the tears of mourners fill the room; the soul bursts its cerement, and is an angel now; wings are lent it, and I trace it soaring through the regions of light. I follow it in its course of endless progression until it has become greater than Gabriel was. I pursue till it has become greater than the whole human race were in this infant world—till it has become greater than all the angels were when it left the body; and I leave it still progressing towards God, approximating towards his infinite dimensions—a point at an immeasurable distance, but at which it is eternally stretching away. We are lost, we are swallowed up in the boundless prospect.

Upon the principle of eternal progression, (however slow that progression may be,) these are the destinies of the feeblest soul that ever enters heaven.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MY OWN THOUGHTS.

Sitting in my little room ruminating upon matters and things in general, and events and circumstances in particular, and contrasting my present situation with what it was a few years since, and what it might be a few years to come, I beheld myself within the reach of all the comforts and a few of the luxuries of life—blest with a cheerful fire, a stock of useful and interesting books, a circle of kind and familiar friends, sufficient to eat, drink, and to wear, and now and then to hold up the arms of a friend, sinking beneath the weight of pecuniary embarrassment. My heart filled with gratitude, and I began to reflect with myself, whether this would last forever, or whether some unforeseen event might not at some future time, blast all the hopes I now enjoy, and make me as comfortless and forlorn, as I am now happy and contented.

I looked abroad into the world,—I examined the situation of others,—and the answer came back with a sickening and palsied aspect.

I beheld those who were once prosperous and happy—basking beneath the smiles of prosperity,—now sorrowful and dejected,—writhing beneath the frowns of adversity—I beheld those who would once have hardly deigned to look with a complacent eye, upon the smaller favorites of fortune, now glad to court their society, and to live on terms of the strictest intimacy and friendship. If such, said I, is the lot of man, to day a lord, tomorrow a peasant—to day master of his thousands and his millions, tomorrow glad to beg the scanty pittance of a dollar—what hope, or what confidence have I, that the same fate which has awaited others, may not be standing ready to enclose me also within the folds of her tattered garments.

If such should be the case, said I to myself,—if that sun in yonder heaven, tracking the boundless expanse of ether, and which now beholds me happy and contented, surrounded with all that is necessary to bear me onward calmly and smoothly through the journey of life, is destined ere long to behold me stripped of all that I now possess—to which of the thousand comforts that I now enjoy, will this poor heart cling, with the fondest feelings of regret. I looked at my cheerful fire,—I reverted to its warm and genial breath, and I felt that its presence could ill be spared when the rough wind, rattling my casement, tells me that all is drear, and comfortless without.

I looked at my books, but the deep drawn sigh, bursting from my inmost heart, spoke with a stronger eloquence than words could express, that in them I live, breathe and have my existence.

I looked at my friends—but alas! said I to myself, what is life with all its joys and its sorrows without some kind heart to share the one or alleviate the other.

I turned to my table, and there I found comfort,—for I knew that the dry crust, and the cup from the clear fountain, would be far sweeter and more refreshing, when welcomed by the cravings of a hungry appetite.

But—I looked at my church—I beheld myself shut out from its sacred walls—forbidden any longer to watch with intense interest for the crumbs of consolation, reproof, or instruction, which its kind pastor, in the multiplicity of his contributions, might have reserved in store for myself, and a pang went through my heart, sharper than ten thousand swords, piercing even to the inmost recesses of the soul—What! said I, when the heart, sickening and distressed, is deprived of every other comfort, when the consolations of religion are the most needed, and the comforts of the sanctuary are the most to be prized, am I to be shut out from their healing virtues, and forbidden to moisten my parched lips at the celestial fountain flowing from the sacred desk?—But why? It may be asked—But why shut out? Are there not churches enough?—Yes, and more than enough. More than are well filled, on any sabbath in the year. But can we obtain a permanent seat in any of the generality of our churches without being taxed for the privilege? And is there any tax which we would more cheerfully pay, as long as we have the means of so doing? But when stern necessity requires that other, and more pressing wants should be first supplied—what are we to do? If we could persuade the body to live without eating, or the rules of society would allow us to go naked—then perhaps we could enjoy the privilege a little longer—But as long as these requisites cannot be dispensed with—we must either be banished from the church of our affections, or be dependant upon the generosity of some friend to provide us with a seat at his own expense.

But it may be asked—Are there not free churches? Yes, thanks to the liberality of our Methodist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Friendly brethren—there are free churches!—But I regret to say, that among some few, of the Methodists at least, the propriety is about being discussed of adopting the popular mode of putting doors to their pews, and shutting themselves up from each other—I am sorry that such a thought should have entered the heart of any one of their number, and sincerely hope that the project may be crushed in the bud—But even if this were not the case—where, I would ask, does the heart, overcharged with sorrow, most expect to find comfort and relief? Is it in the house of strangers? Or amongst its own kindred and friends?

You may then ask, shall we set apart a portion of our pews, and reserve them for the exclusive use of the poor and indigent? By no means! Is it not bad enough to meet with misfortune and distress, without being obliged to be reminded, and to remind others of it, sabbath after sabbath? To be compelled to repeat the tale of woe and of melancholy every time we enter the house of God?

Shall we then, you may repeat—leave all our seats free, and depend upon the aid of the contribution box for the defraying of necessary expenses, and the support of our ministers? No! No! far from it!

But is there no other way? Cannot we pay for the privilege of visiting the sanctuary, without being obliged to select some little spot in the corner of the house to shut ourselves up from our neighbors, saying in practice, if not in word, this is our property and you have no right to it,—thus far shalt thou come, and no farther? Is there as much pleasure in selecting a small part of the house for our own particular use, for the sake of being able to call it our own, and furnishing it according to our own taste, at the risque of being obliged to leave a portion of our family at home, or send them to other churches when we wish to accommodate a friend—as there is in being able to occupy as many, or as few seats as we choose, and in any part of the house where chance, choice, or convenience may direct?

Is it as pleasant to behold half of our pews left vacant on the Sabbath, because the owners or occupants do not find it to their convenience, or pleasure to attend church, and others dare not infringe upon their rights, as it is to behold the house well filled with strangers, and those who are willing and anxious to attend, but have not the means of so doing.

Cannot some rule be adopted, whereby, all who take permanent seats may be expected to pay for them according to their ability, while the house shall still be left free for the stranger and the indigent?

These are my own thoughts, but they are not peculiar to myself alone—I know that there are others who share them with me and fully sympathize with A SUBSCRIBER.

New York.

A FAIR OFFER.—Make, says Dr Franklin, a full estimate of all you owe, and of all that is owing to you. Reduce the same to a note. As fast as you can collect, pay over to those you owe. If you cannot collect renew your note every year, and get the best security you can. Go to business diligently, and be industrious; waste no idle moments; be very economical in all things; discard all pride, be faithful in your duty to God, by regular and hearty prayer morning and night—attend Church regularly every Sunday, and do unto all men as you would they should do unto you. If you are too needy in your circumstances to give to the poor, do whatever else is in your power for them cheerfully: but, if you can, always help the worthy poor and unfortunate. Pursue this course diligently and sincerely for seven years, and if you are not happy, comfortable and independent in your circumstances come to me and I will pay your debts.

'The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.'

Alas! for Pope, if the mercy he showed to others was the measure of the mercy he received.—*Cowper.*

'I AM NOT WORTHY TO COME TO THE LORD'S SUPPER.'

1. What! Has Christ bid you do something which you are 'not worthy' to do? He commanded you—'Do this in remembrance of me:'—and are you unworthy to do Christ's commands? That cannot be.

2. You say that you are not worthy to come. Not worthy to come and confess yourself a sinner, and ask pardon? Too great a sinner to come and say so? [See 1 *St. John* i. 8, 9; *St. Luke* x. v.]

3. 'You are not worthy'—Indeed you are not. If you were, you would not need to come to this holy Sacrament. This Sacrament is not meant for those who think themselves perfect or worthy; but for those who know that 'in them dwelleth no good thing;' who feel their want of help, and who wish for pardon. Christ 'came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' [See *St. Luke* v. 32.]

4. 'I am not worthy to come,' you say. I hope you do indeed think so. If you did think yourself worthy to come to Christ's table, and to eat and drink His most blessed Body and Blood, without being a debtor to His mercy, and undeserved goodness, you would show that you knew but little of your real state—that you had not 'communed with your own heart;' and that you were most unworthy.

5. 'I am not worthy.' When will you be? If you wait until you be worthy, you will never come; for you will never be worthy; and if you were, you would have no need to come at all; [See Answer 3.] you would not be concerned in the call which is given to all Christians.

6. 'I am not worthy.' What do you mean in your own heart, by this answer? Are you living in willful sin, not intending to give it up, and forsake it, through God's blessing on your sincere endeavors? If so, you are indeed not worthy to come to the Lord's table,—you are not fit to pray to him; you are not fit to die!

7. 'I am not worthy to come to the Lord's table now, but I will put it off a little, and then I shall be more worthy.' But you cannot think that God will put off your death, until you shall think yourself worthy to die; and, if you are not worthy to meet your Lord at his table of mercy, you are most certainly not worthy to meet him in judgment.

8. 'I am not worthy,' &c. Then why are you not? Would you accept that excuse from your child or servant? For example: if you had told your child that, at a certain time, you should expect him at your supper table, although only a child; would you listen to his excuse, if, 'when all things were ready,' [See *St. Luke* xiv. 16,] he should say, 'I am not clean, I am not fit, I am not worthy?' Would you not say to him, 'why are you not?' And when our heavenly Father, [See *St. Luke* xi. 13,] our Master and Lord, [See *St. Luke* vi. 46,] out of His love to us, invites us to His table, dare we to say, 'I am not fit?'

10. 'I am not worthy.' Do you mean that you really feel yourself 'not worthy' on account of your many sins, to receive so great a favor? That you have so little profited, by your heavenly Father's past mercies, or have been so little grateful for them, as not to deserve His kindness again? Is this your meaning? Then hear your blessed Savior's word's: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' [*St. Matt.* xi. 28.]

I know you are 'not worthy.' The best of us is not, as I have said, 'worthy to gather up the crumbs under his table;' but Christ permits us to approach—invites us!! nay, He commands us!! We must not, we dare not stay away.—*S. S. Visitor.*

I do not see that the failure of intellect which we sometimes observe in old people, and in young ones in some cases of sickness, is any argument against the immortality of the soul. We are ignorant how the soul will act after its separation from the body, but we know that during their union neither can do any thing without the assistance of the other; therefore when the faculties decay, we are not to suppose the soul is injured, but that the organs, whatever they are, by which it communicates with the body and by which ideas are presented to it, have sustained some damage. As, if a man become blind, we do not say that his soul is changed, but that the organ by which images were presented to it is injured, and accordingly, if his eyes are cured, the soul is just as able to distinguish objects as ever. In the same manner the sick person whose nerves (or whatever it is on which the soul immediately acts) have recovered their tone, is able to think or speak or understand as formerly. The workman is not in fault, but some part of his machine is out of order.

There is this difference between rich and poor Christians: where a Christian is poor, his heavenly father keeps the purse; but the rich keep the purse themselves. And it often falls out that it is better to have the purse in our Father's hands than our own.—*Dodd,*

The following impressive and just comment upon the concluding words of the statement of the Seconds in the late Duel ('*We hope that the last of it*, &c.') is from the pen of the Editor of the N. Y. Observer.

THE DUELLIST'S DESIRE.

The seconds in the late duel have published a statement of the facts in the case which they conclude with these words:

We endeavored to discharge our duties according to that code under which the parties met, regulated by magnanimous principles and the laws of humanity. Neither of us has taken the least exception to the course of the other; and we sincerely hope that here all controversy may cease. We especially desire our respective friends to make no publication on the subject. None can regret the termination of the affair more than ourselves, and hope again that the last of it will be the signatures of our names to this paper, which we now affix.

GEO. W. JONES,
HENRY A. WISE.

'*The last of it!*' Men do not speak thus of deeds with which they are satisfied—deeds which their consciences approve. Such language is inspired only by conscious guilt; by 'a fearful looking for of' evil consequence 'to come.' It is the language of one who is afraid that he should be obliged to remember what he has done, and that the remembrance will be torture. The feelings which prompt this language are but the foretaste of those which will compel men to say 'to the mountains and rocks, fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of his wrath has come, and who shall be able to stand?' On reading it we could not but recollect certain passages from another writer, with whom these men may be more familiar.

Spirits.
What wouldst thou with us, son of mortals,—say?
Manfred.
Forgetfulness.—
First Spirit.
Of what—of whom—and why?
Manfred.
Of that which is within me; read it there.
Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.
——Oblivion, self-oblivion!
Can ye not wring from out the hidden realms
Ye offer so profusely, what I ask?
Spirit.
It is not in our essence, or our skill;
But—thou mayst die.
Manfred.
Will death bestow it on me?
Spirit.
We are immortal, and do not forget.
We are eternal, and to us the past
Is, as the future, present; art thou answered?
* * *
Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades which will not vanish;
There are thoughts thou can'st not banish;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone.
* * *
By thy delight in others' pain,
By thy brotherhood of Cain,
I call upon thee, and compel
Thyself to be thy proper hell.
* * *
Witch.
It may be
That I can aid thee.
Manfred
To do this, thy power
Must wake the dead, or lay me low with them.
Do so in any shape,—in any hour,—
With any torture, so it be THE LAST.

'The last of it!' Do they they think their statement will be 'the last of it' to the man whom they have sent unprepared, to the eternal world? We say, *unprepared;* for in cases of suicide, we may hope there was insanity; when men are executed for murder, we may hope there was repentance; but he who falls in a duel, dies in the very performance of an act, inconsistent with preparation for heaven; dies in the very act of defying God and making himself more fit for hell and more worthy of its torments.

Do they think this will be 'the last of it' to the widow of their victim? Will her anguish be appeased, will her heart be made whole, will the very remembrance that she ever knew the happiness of conjugal affection ever be blotted out, by this cool history, given by men whom she has such cause to remember?

Will this be 'the last of it' to the orphans whom their crime has made orphans? Can they forget to whom they are indebted for the countless dangers, and trials, and sufferings, which must be the portion of the fatherless? Can they—ought they—to cease to remember who opened the incessant fountain of their mother's tears? And while orphans suffer, and the bereaved weeps, and the soul of the murdered dwells where you have sent it, shall you be allowed to hear 'the last of it?' It may not be. Eternal justice cannot suffer it. The remembrance of your deeds must haunt you. Conscience shall interpret every thing into accusation. When men fasten their eyes upon you, you shall think that they remember Cilley. When they speak in whispers, you shall think that they are talking of him. When they speak indefinitely, you shall suspect that they allude to his murder. When they are silent, you shall believe that they repress their indignant recollections purposely. Every work of God and every deed of man shall be to you an accuser. Your own consciousness of what you have done is as immortal and as inseparable from yourselves, as any other attribute of your souls, and shall be your everlasting remembrancer.

Such is the penalty of crime. Cain expected to find an accuser and avenger in every one whom he should meet; and Jones and Wise pray, but it will be in vain, that their words may be 'the last of it.'

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

No instructed man can deny, that the Roman Catholic Church presents one of the most solemn and majestic spectacles in history. The very arguments which are employed against its rites, remind us of the mighty part which it has played on the theatre of the world. For when we say, that the ceremonies of its worship, the decorations of its altars, and the evolutions of its priests, are conceived in the spirit of Heathenism,—how can we forget, that it was once the witness of ancient Paganism, the victor of its decrepid superstitions, the rival, yet imitator of its mythology? When we ask the use of the lights that burn during the mass, how can we fail to think of the secret worship of the early Christians, assembled at dead of night in some vault beyond the eye of observation? When we wonder at the pantomimic character of its services, its long passages of gesticulation, are we not carried back to the time, when the quick ear of the informer and persecutor lurked near, and devotion, finding words an unsafe vehicle of thought, invented the symbolical language which could be read only by the initiated eye? Long and far was this Church the sole vehicle of Christianity, that bare it on over the storms of ages, and sheltered it amid the clash of nations. It evangelized the philosophy of the East, and gave some sobriety to its wild and voluptuous dreams. It received into its bosom the savage conquerors of the North, and nursed them successively out of utter barbarism. It stood by the desert fountain, from which all modern history flows, and dropped into it the sweetening branch of Christian truth and peace. It presided at the birth of art, and liberally gave its traditions into the young hands of Color and Design. Traces of its labors, and of its versatile power over the human mind are scattered throughout the globe. It has consecrated the memory of the lost cities of Africa, and given to Carthage a Christian, as well as a classic, renown. If in Italy and Spain, it has dictated the decrees of tyranny, the mountains of Switzerland have heard its vespers mingling with the cry of liberty, and its requiem sung over patriot graves. The convulsions of Asiatic history have failed to overthrow it; on the heights of Lebanon, on the plains of Armenia, in the provinces of China, either in the seclusion of the convent, or the stir of population, the names of Jesus and of Mary still ascend. It is not difficult to understand the enthusiasm which this ancient and picturesque religion kindles in its disciples. To the poor peasant who knows no other dignity, it must be a proud thing, to feel himself the member of a vast community, that spreads from Andes to the Indus; that has bid defiance to the vicissitudes of fifteen centuries, and adorned itself with the genius and virtues of them all; that beheld the transition from ancient to modern civilization, and forms itself the connecting link between the old world in Europe and the new; the missionary of the nations, the associate of history, the patron of art, the vanquisher of the sword.—*James Martineau.*

Prayer and thanks are like the double motion of the lungs; the air that is sucked in by prayer is breathed forth again by thanks.—*Goodwin.*

The following contains some wholesome suggestions. We do not know who Benjamin Franklin is, but shrewdly suspect that he cannot be charged with the 'atrocious crime of being a *young man.*' Our fair Readers must not, therefore, imagine that any conspiracy against themselves and French bonnets, is hatching amongst young husbands and the rising generation of gallants; or do us the injustice to surmise, that we would give countenance to any artifice, on the part of the *Banking and Legislating sex,* to shift the blame of Hard Times off from themselves (with their Timber lands, and *fancy stocks,* and financial experiments,) and attach it to the bonnet-ties and apron strings of their mothers, sisters and wives. We know that French milliners have much to answer for, and exercise great power, and make large drafts upon the nation's wealth, and we have, now and then, seen bonnets that might well make the pillars of the Banks to tremble; but, after all, we are not willing to believe that French Milliners are the worst foes to our financial prosperity and domestic joy, or that the root of our bankruptcy and embarrasments, is to be sought after in the Bandbox, the Boudoir, or the *Modes des Dames de Paris.*—[*Ed.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

Mr Editor,—It will be seen at a glance that I am unused to writing for publication—still, after I had read 'unexaggerated Truth' in a late Register, I longed to speak; for it relates to a subject which I have pondered for years. In common with many others, I think that Mr Winslow went too far in his book.

I know he was taking up a most important, neglected, and always unpopular subject, one which never was, nor will be treated *justly,* without giving offence.

I know with sorrow, that Miss Martineau, Miss Kemble and many others, related of us *many truths,* which, instead of being angry at, we should profit by—altho' had I been a visitor, as Miss M. was, I should not have been so forward to have told them.

Shall we go on deceiving ourselves, to the great injury, if not *ruin,* of the most important part of *ourselves?*

There are many females I know, noble examples of almost perfection, whose whole duties are performed,—while many, many others misspend their time, whose children *do* go 'ungoverned'—and by whom economy and domestic employment are neglected or despised.

Who does not know that a great number of Females assume the charge of families, almost totally ignorant of what they undertake; who, too late, see their situation, and become aware of their defects, when they find themselves marring if not destroying the happiness of those connected with them, and by their waste bringing them to want.

Some evidence of the great dislike to useful employment by one class of females, may be found in the remarks they make on Mrs ——'s, book, the 'Young Ladies' Friend,' which is by a large number sneered at and *ridiculed*—(I've been mortified to see it) as being 'too minute,' and 'descending to small things,'—when scarce a word is in it, but what is wanted by *every* female.

That there is much industry among certain classes of females we know,—but is it among the class referred to, by Mr Winslow, or that referred to by the 'Young Ladies' Friend?' We can all answer this question in the negative without hesitation. I would it were otherwise.

It is often cause of lamentation to fathers and young men in business, that '*the fashion*' is for young *ladies* to neglect useful occupation, and domestic industry.

One says 'I'd as soon marry a toy shop, as one of them.'

Another says, 'the customs and habits of females are so extravagant, that I can't think of marrying:' and so on with others.

A 'huge bonnet' is imported from France, unbecoming, expensive, annoying at church when before you, worse at an evening lecture, where you desire to see the chemical experiments; worn because they do so where a 'MONARCH reigns.' The value paid for 'French gewgaws' imported into Boston for several years has averaged two millions of dollars a year; and I ask any candid man, how many *cents* the whole of them were worth in reality? And do not these check our own industry?

We have got into a sad dilemma in this country. Speculation, extravagance, waste and idleness have well nigh ruined us in property and morality. A young country of freemen, not content with fair prosperity, strives to imitate old and richer ones in *extravagance, luxury,* and *idleness!* And by reason of the importation of French fineries to such an enormous amount, we run into debt and difficulty, and are forced to ship away our *specie;* and this is not one of the *smallest* contributors to our present *demeaning* and *melancholy condition.*

We must turn over a new leaf. And now for it, say all cheerfully.

The ingenious females of AMERICA, *can* invent becoming American fashions for bonnets and dresses, which the whole world would gladly imitate. Have *cheerful industry* the *first fashion* (which now *proudly* exists in the amiable family of the King of the French.) Those who have the *power* make it *respectable,* and shun *idleness* as we have and would shun *intemperance.*

Pay off once more the whole of our 'FOREIGN DEBT' and *never* contract another such.

Live within our income, be charitable to those who've none—The rich set a good example—Be gentle, modest, discharge all our duties to our Maker, and to all mankind, and thus be the *most prosperous* and *happy* people on this whole Earth. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, MARCH 10, 1838.

TEXAS.

Religion in Texas.—From a communication in the New Orleans Observer of Saturday last, we are pleased to learn that morality and religion are advancing almost *pari passu* with civilization in Texas. At Nacogdoches, the Sabbath is as strictly observed as in any town of the United States, and that village already boasts of one intelligent minister. Not a door is opened, nor a glass of grog sold on Sundays.

At San Augustine, there is preaching to attentive and numerous congregations every Sabbath.

In Aurora, efforts are making to erect Presbyterian and Methodist churches.

Able ministers preach at Housten to crowded congregations.

We make the above extracts for two reasons. First, to do away the wrong impressions which may possibly have been produced by a few letter writers, who have described Texas as one grand rendezvous for gamblers, drunkards and murderers. Secondly, to demonstrate that the pilgrims, now beyond the Sabine, are not unworthy descendants of those who landed on Plymouth Rock.—*Mobile Chronicle.*

It would certainly afford us great delight to be able to give entire credit to the remarks and statements which we have inserted above. It will need very conclusive evidence to do away the impressions which exist in the minds of the majority of respectable persons at the North, in regard to the licentiousness and irreligion that have been repeatedly represented as prevailing in Texas. That there are some worthy descendants of the Pilgrims beyond the Sabine we have no desire, and no cause to doubt—but that the influences of society there generally, are not dangerous to the moral and religious character of those who are subjected to them, it would be difficult to persuade us, while we have in view the elements of which that society is composed, and the facts that have been frequently reported concerning the habits and transactions of the people of that Province.

At the same time, we regard Texas with the deepest interest, not for what it already has attained, but for what it urgently needs.

It fills us, oftentimes, with a degree of wonder, beyond expression, at the plans of Providence, when we contemplate the immense fields for missionary and Philanthropic enterprize which are opening, almost at once, in the West and South, directly before the eyes of the people of these United States. How vast, how almost overwhelming is the prospect of the work of reform and sanctification which is given to the American Christian to do!

How clear are the signs that God does not mean that we and our posterity shall be idle! How manifest is it, that He does not intend that we shall enjoy our pre-eminent advantages as a people, unattended by pre-eminent responsibilities and labors! Our forefathers worked hard to *acquire* the means of political and religious health and growth for us; and we shall have to work quite as hard to *keep* them for ourselves and our posterity, and, in very self defence, as well as from higher motives, to disseminate them on our frontiers.

An age of enterprise and intense action is opening upon the American Church, such as the Church has never yet seen. Thank God for it! Thank God, that the Trumpet is beginning to sound through the length and breadth of our land, that will, and must keep all orders and denominations of Christians awake and in the field. Farewell to the trifling bickerings and vain disputes of one band of disciples with another, and farewell to the slough and shackles of the church, so soon as all are heartily engaged in a common crusade, not for the recovery of Christ's deserted *sepulchre,* but for the advance of his everliving and omnipotent Cross.

There is work enough abroad, for all to do—and there is too much, for any to be at rest at home—and there is plenty of room for all to labor without interference or dispute.

The country is wide, and if Lot goeth to the right hand, then Abraham can turn to the left. The soil is rich, the harvest is plenteous. Let the sowers go forth, and God bless them all.

INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

The sixth Annual Report of the Trustees of this excellent and highly interesting Institution presents many gratifying evidences of the rapid and successful progress of the plans and measures of its Managers and Instructers for the moral and intellectual culture of the Blind. We believe that, in several important respects, the New England Institution takes precedence of all others, having the same objects, in the world.

The number of Pupils is sixty-three. They have generally been very healthy, and only one has died within two years.

The first class of each sex have made considerable proficiency in the study of Natural and Moral Philosophy, History, Algebra, Astronomy, &c.

Of those who were pupils in January last thirty-one can write legibly, and twenty-five can and do correspond with their friends by letter.

In the department of vocal and instrumental music much progress has been made by the pupils generally, and some of them have become good vocalists and performers upon the piano forte and organ.

The moral and religious nature is also developed.

In the mechanical department, the older male pupils have acquired considerable dexterity and skill in the trades which are taught.

We know of nothing that we could offer to our Readers in the same space, which would be so interesting as a portion of the Report, which we shall therefore transfer to our columns.

INTERESTING CASE OF A PUPIL BLIND, DEAF, AND DUMB.

Among the pupils who have entered during the last year, is one whose situation makes her an object of peculiar interest and lively sympathy; Laura Bridgman, a very pretty, intelligent, and sprightly girl, of eight years, is entirely blind, deaf, dumb, and almost entirely deprived of smell, and has been so since her infancy.

She was born of intelligent and respectable parents, in Hanover, N. H. When a mere infant, she was subject to very painful and dangerous 'fits,' the nature of which do not seem to have been well understood. Until twenty months old, though a pretty and interesting child, she was weak and fragile—a breath would have blown out the flame; but at that age she began to rally; her health seemed firmly established; her mental faculties rapidly developed themselves, and when she attained her second year she was more intelligent and sprightly than common children; she could already prattle some words, and had mastered the difference between A and B. But in a month after her sky was again overcast; she sickened and came near unto death; the disease, however, seemed to be baffled within, and to have fastened upon the external organs of sense, and in five weeks it was perceived that her sight and hearing were forever destroyed. During seven weeks of pain and fever she tasted not a morsel of food; for five months was she obliged to be kept in a darkened room; it was a year before she could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day. She was now four years old, and as her health and strength began to be established, she learned to go about the house and manifested a desire to be employed; not by her looks, for she was blind—not by words, for she was dumb. She could, it is true, for a time pronounce the few words she had before learned; but not hearing the sound of her own voice, she soon lost the command of her articulation—the sound answered not to the thought—the will lost command of the tongue—and the last articulate word she was ever heard to utter was, 'book!' But she was not only deaf, and dumb, and blind, her isolation was still more complete—the sense of smell was so blunted as to be entirely useless, and only affected by pungent odors; of course, half the pleasure of taste was gone, and she manifested indifference about the flavor of food.

It would seem that in this total darkness—this dreary stillness—this isolation from all communication with kindred spirits, the immaterial mind must have remained in infantile imbecility, while the body grew in stature and strength, or have attained a perception of its loneliness, only to pine and die at the discovery.

Here is a human soul shut up in a dark and silent cell; all the avenues to it are closed, except that of touch, and it would seem that it must be but a blank; nevertheless it is active, and struggling continually not only to put itself in communication with things without, but to manifest what is going on within itself. The child is constantly active; she runs about the house, and up and down stairs; she frolics with the other children, or plays with her toys; she dresses and undresses herself with great quickness and precision, and behaves with propriety at the table and every where; she knows every inmate of the house by the touch, and is very affectionate to them. She can sew, and knit, and braid, and is quite as active and expert as any of the rest of the children. But all this, interesting as it is, is nothing compared to the mental phenomena, which she presents; she has a quick sense of propriety; a sense of property; a love of approbation; a desire to appear neatly and smoothly dressed, and to make others notice that she is so; a strong tendency to imitation, insomuch that she will sit and hold a book steadily before her face in imitation of persons reading. It is difficult to say whether she has any sense of right and wrong disconnected with the feeling that such an action will be reproved, such an one approved by those about her, but certain it is, she will retain nothing belonging to another; she will not eat an apple or piece of cake which she may find, unless signs are made that she may do so. She has an evident pleasure in playfully teasing or puzzling others. The different states of her mind are clearly marked upon her countenance, which varies with hope and fear, pleasure and pain, self-approbation and regret; and which, when she is trying to study out anything, assumes an expression of intense attention and thought.

It was considered doubtful when she came whether it would be possible to teach her any regular system of signs by which she could express her thoughts or understand those of others; it was deemed highly desirable, however, to make the experiment, and thus far it has been successful. Common articles, such as a knife, a spoon, a book, &c. were first taken, and labelled with their names in raised letters; she was made to feel carefully of the article with the name pasted upon it; then the name was given her on another piece of paper, and she quickly learned to associate it with the thing. Then the name of the thing being given on a separate label, she was required to select the thing from a number of other articles, or to find the article; for instance, the word key was given her, on a bit of paper in raised letters; she would at once feel for a key on the table, and, not finding it, would rise and grope her way to

the door, and place the paper upon the key with an expression of peculiar gratification. Thus far no attention was paid to the component letters of the word, the next step was to ascertain the correctness of her notion, by giving her metal types with the separate letters on their ends; these she soon learned to arrange and to spell the word; for instance, the teacher would touch the child's ear, or put her hand on a book, then to the letters, and she would instantly begin to select the types and to set them in order in a little frame used for the purpose, and when she had spelt the word correctly, she would show her satisfaction and assure her teacher that she understood, by taking all the letters of the word and putting them to her ear, or on the book.

She then learned the arrangement of the letters in the alphabet, and is now occupied in increasing her vocabulary of words. Having learned the alphabet and the arrangement of letters into words, which she associated with things, she was next taught the manual alphabet, as used by the deaf mutes, and it is a subject of delight and wonder to see how rapidly, correctly, and eagerly, she goes on with her labors. Her teacher gives her a new object, for instance a pencil, first lets her examine it, and get an idea of its use, then teaches her how to spell it by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers; the child grasps her hand, and feels of her fingers, as the different letters are formed—she turns her head a little one side, like a person listening closely—her lips are apart—she seems scarcely to breathe—and her countenance, at first anxious, gradually changes to a smile, as she comprehends the lesson. She then holds up her little fingers and spells the word in the manual alphabet; next takes her types and arranges her letters, and last, to make sure that she is right, she takes the whole of the types composing the word, and places them upon or in contact with the pencil, or whatever the object may be.

The process of teaching her is of course slow and tedious; the different steps to it must be suggested by her successive attainments, for there are no precedents to go by;* but thus far the results have been most gratifying. She has not yet been long enough under instruction (four months only) to have got beyond the names of substances; the more difficult task of giving her a knowledge of names, expressive of qualities, feelings, &c. remains yet to be accomplished. No sure prognostic can be made, but much is to be hoped from the intelligence of the child, and the eager delight with which she lends all her attention, and the strong effort she evidently makes to gain new ideas; not from fear of punishment, or hope of reward, but from the pleasure which the exercise of the faculties confers upon her. No pains or expense will be spared in efforts to develope the moral and intellectual nature of this interesting child, and no opportunity lost, of gathering for science whatever mental phenomena her singular case may furnish.

GLOBE FOR THE BLIND.

Mr J. Preston made a donation of $340, for the purpose of supplying the Institution with a globe, which is now finished, and in the most beautiful and durable manner. It is thirteen feet in circumference, and composed of seven-hundred cross pieces of wood, arranged in such a way that the only effect of contraction is to flatten the poles. The land is raised by a composition of emery firmly imbedded into the wood; the boundaries of countries, rivers, towns, &c. have a very natural appearance; the wooden horizon is supplied with all the usual signs of the Zodiac, figures, &c. and by means of moveable lines, the usual astronomical problems may be solved. We believe this is the most perfect article of the kind in the world.

The Printing Press of the Institution is in full operation, and has, we understand, supplied other countries with books in raised letters, which have been universally admired, and have never been equalled.

We cannot therefore, but regret, very deeply, that it will be compelled soon to stop for want of the funds necessary to its operation. Will a benevolent public allow such a sad event to occur? We cannot believe it.

* Julia Brace, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, in the Institution for the Deaf Mutes, at Hartford, did not succeed in attaining a knowledge of the written signs significative of objects. Julia possessed her senses until the age of four years, and she is aided by a sense of smell, sharpened by practice, to the acuteness of the vulture, while Laura has it so imperfectly as that she may be said to be without smell. James Mitchell, whose case is noticed by Dugald Stewart and other philosophers, did not learn any system of arbitrary signs, nor is there any case on record of a person deprived of sight and hearing succeeding in doing so.

DR CARPENTER—AND THE LEGEND OF THE PURITANS.

A few copies of a beautifully engraved likeness of Rev. Lant Carpenter D. D. have been received from England, and are for sale at J. Munroe & Co's Bookstore. All who have seen the picture, pronounce that the face bears a very striking resemblance to our respected friend the Rev. J. Allen of Northboro.

The engraving was accompanied by a small and neatly printed book of Poems, entitled 'A Legend of the Puritans, or the influence of Poetry and Religion on the Female character,' with other Poems, by Susan Fisher, from which we have selected one of the minor pieces for our column of Poetry. We have seen an extract from a letter written by James Montgomery, the Poet, in which he thus expresses his opinion of the volume.

'I am glad however, to bear testimony in your case, that your poems are worthy the appellation: and few volumes of unknown Authors, such as are sent to me in manuscript as well as in print, from many quarters, have given me so much genuine delight in the perusal, or the evidence of talent, taste, right feeling, and pure principle which I find in every page of your little volume.

As far as my judgment goes, the volume is full of sterling excellence.

HEART-RENDING.

We learn that the sufferings of the Poor in New York city are of the most awful character. It is stated on the best authority that not less than 40,000 are dependent upon the hand of Charity for their daily bread; that there is not a day passes in which some do not absolutely die from want of food or fuel. The crowd of the poor that throng the rooms of the ward committees—some of them barefooted and almost naked—is so great, that many have been compelled to wait, shivering and almost famished, from 10 A. M. till 8 P. M. We almost need another Savior to come from Heaven and repeat the miracle of the 'Loaves and Fishes.' And yet the Benevolent in New York have done well, and christianly, by their indigent brethren this winter.

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

We were informed by one of the Proprietors that the number of Subscribers to this Periodical had decreased during the past year from about 1000 to 900.

Upon referring to the List, this statement is found to be not exactly correct. The simple truth is, that although extraordinary exertions were made to increase its circulation, it merely succeeded,—to use the common phrase—in holding its own.

Mr Putnam's agency proved to be of no essential service, either to himself or to the Publishers, on account, no doubt, of the pecuniary embarrassments of the year. We hoped and expected, that the Examiner would flourish—according to its merit—in spite of the fluctuations of trade.

We understand that the letter of Dr Channing to Henry Clay, on the annexation of Texas, has been republished in a pamphlet in Mexico. The Diario—the government paper—calls it a precious document, and extols it in the most enthusiastic language.

Rev. R. W. Emerson's Phi Beta Oration has passed to a second Edition—quite an unusual thing, with such productions—which is printed on the very best paper and in the neatest style, by the University Press.

We understand that Rev. S. G. Bulfinch, formerly of Augusta, (Ga.) and recently of Pittsburgh, (Penn.) has received an invitation from the Unitarian Society in Washington, D. C. to become their Pastor, and that he is to enter upon his duties there early in April.

It is highly gratifying to perceive that there is a noble and generous zeal existing amongst our Unitarian societies in relation to the interests of the American Unitarian Association. A large list of donations and subscriptions, &c., was sent for acknowledgement too late for this paper.

The American monthly for March containing several interesting and lively articles of prose and poetry is for sale at Weeks, Jordan & Co's.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on Monday, Feb. 26th the death of Mr Cilley was announced by Hon. Ruel Williams, of Maine, in a suitable manner, and agreeably to a resolution submitted by him, after voting to attend the funeral on Tuesday, and to wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, the Senate adjourned.

In the House Mr Cilley's death was announced by Hon. Mr Fairfield of Maine. Resolutions were submitted by him, and agreed to by the House,—that the members attend the funeral in the Representatives Hall at 12 o'clock, on Tuesday, and wear crape thirty days in respect to his memory. After the resolutions were passed the House, on motion of Mr Fairfield adjourned.

Funeral of Mr Cilley.—The Intelligencer of Wednesday says:—

The funeral of the late Hon. Jonathan Cilley, one of the Representatives in Congress from the state of Maine, took place, from the Capitol, at the appointed time, yesterday. The hall and galleries of the Representatives' Hall were crowded with ladies and gentlemen, besides a very general attendance of the Senators and Representatives. The religious ceremonies were a prayer by the Rev. Mr Slicer, and a discourse by the Rev. Mr Reese. After which, the body was attended to the grave by both Houses of Congress, and, as usual, by the President of the United States and the higher officers of the government.

The correspondent of the New York Express says:

The services were solemn, imposing and affecting. The Chaplains of the Senate and House of Representatives conducted the ceremonies after the following manner.

The Speaker, between 11 and 12 o'clock, after the corpse had been brought into the House and placed in the centre aisle, called the House to order. The Chaplain of the House opened with a brief and appropriate prayer, and was followed by the Chaplain of the Senate, who, after reading some appropriate texts of Scripture, commented severely upon a practice which had led to a fatal tragedy, and to the death of a member of the House. The Chaplain of the Senate, after some appropriate remarks upon the death of Mr Cilley, and the manner of his death,—the bereavement to his wife and little children,—concluded by exhorting those before him as men in the highest authority,—as the law makers, and as the guardians of the law,—as the exemplars of the law, and as the Senators and Representatives of a great people,—in the name of religion and of suffering humanity,—by their love of country, and by their hopes of happiness here and hereafter,—as a friend of the widow and of the orphan child, not to give countenance to a practice which was against the laws of God and of man. The warning and admonition of the Chaplain, seemed to have a visible effect upon most of the members of the House and upon the audience at large. Tears were shed as freely as water, and every one present seemed to be affected.

No business was, of course, transacted in either House of Congress on Tuesday.

The correspondent of the New-York Express says that the Judges of the Supreme Court refused to attend the funeral of Mr Cilley, giving as a reason the fact that he was killed in a personal rencontre.

In the House of Representatives, on Wednesday, immediately after the Journal was read, Mr Fairfield, of Maine, asked leave to offer a resolution. It was read for information, as follows:

Resolved, That a committee consisting of seven members be appointed to investigate the cause which led to the death of the Hon. Jonathan Cilley late a member of this House, and the circumstances connected therewith, and to report thereon to this House.

Resolved, That said committee have power to send for persons and papers, and have leave to sit during the sessions of the House.

The rules being suspended, by a vote of 114 to 31, in order to allow Mr F. to offer the resolutions, a debate ensued, and on the suggestion of Mr Elmore of S. C., the resolution was amended by adding after the words 'the circumstances connected therewith,' the words 'and further to inquire whether, in the case alluded to, there has not been a breach of privileges of this House.' After an ineffectual attempt to postpone the subject until Wednesday next, the main question was ordered, and the resolution was agreed to. Yeas 153, Nays 49.

The debate was a very earnest and excited one.

Mr Morris, of Pennsylvania, by leave, moved the following resolution of instructions to the select committee just ordered, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the select committee, this day ordered, be instructed to inquire into the means more effectually to suppress the practice of duelling, and report a bill for this purpose, as early as it is practicable.

Mr Evans, by leave, introduced a resolution for informing the Governor of Maine of the decease of Mr Cilley—which was agreed to.

Mr Jenifer asked leave to introduce the following resolution farther instructing the committee just ordered:

Resolved, That the committee, ordered this day, be instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing that if any member of this House, in debate, should so far forget the character due to himself and the House as to use language which shall be considered so personal to any other member as to call for the censure of a majority of the body, the speaker first calling him to order, such offending member shall immediately be called on by the speaker to make an apology to the House and to the member so offended, and, upon refusal to make a sufficient apology, such offending member shall be expelled his seat in the House.

Before leave was granted as requested, the House adjourned.

In the Senate, Mr Davis, of Massachusetts, concluded his speech against the Sub-Treasury scheme.

In the House of Representatives on Thursday, the Speaker announced the following gentlemen as comprising the Committee to investigate the causes of the death of Mr Cilley: Mr Toucey, Mr Potter, Mr Briggs, Mr Elmore, Mr Harrison, and Mr Rariden. Mr Briggs and Mr Harrison were excused, at their request, on the ground of being already on other onerous committees.

A resolution was introduced and agreed to, respecting stenographers.

The neutrality bill was again discussed.

In Senate, on Friday, March 2, Mr Prentiss having, agreeably to notice, asked and obtained leave, introducing a bill to prohibit the giving or receiving a challenge within this District to fight a duel, and for the punishment thereof.

[This bill inflicts the punishment of death on all concerned in a duel which results in death; from five to ten years' confinement in the Penitentiary on all concerned in giving or receiving a challenge; and from three to seven years, for assault, defamation or abuse, for refusing a challenge.]

The bill was read twice, by general consent, and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

In the House of Representatives, Mr Grennell and Mr Grantland were announced to have been appointed members of the select committee to examine and report the cause of Mr Cilley's death, &c. in the place of Mr Briggs and Mr Harrison, excused.

The committee now is composed as follows:—Messrs Toucey of Connecticut, Potter of Pennsylvania, Bruyn of New York, Grennell of Massachusetts, Grantland of Georgia, Elmore of South Carolina, and Rariden of Indiana.

The bill reported by the Committee on Foreign Affairs, for the preservation of our neutral relations, was discussed and was finally passed to a third reading. Yeas, 130 Nays 45.

In the Senate on Saturday the 3d inst. Mr Strange of North Carolina finished a speech he commenced yesterday in support of the sub treasury bill. The rest of the day was devoted to private bills.

In the House, a report and a bill, proposing certain amendments in the laws of the District of Columbia, was discussed a few hours, and then laid aside till Monday The Revolutionary Pension bill (an appropriation measure) was then taken up, and after Mr Curtis of New-York had addressed the House at great length, the bill was passed without a dissenting vote. Nothing else was done.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

In the Senate, on Monday, Mr Child of Worcester, from the investigating committee in the Franklin Bank, submitted a short additional report on the affairs of that institution, which was laid on the table and ordered to be printed. The bill granting a bounty on the production of wheat, was taken up and passed.

In the House, the report of the Judiciary Committee, on the order submitted some time ago by Mr Sturgis of Boston, was taken up and discussed at length.

In the Senate, on Tuesday, sundry petitions were presented.

It was ordered that the President, Directors, &c. of the Roxbury Bank, be summoned to show cause why their charter should not be declared forfeited.

In convention of the two Houses, Isaac C. Bates, R. Rantoul Jr., and Charles Hudson were appointed Directors, on the part of the Commonwealth, of the Western Railroad Corporation.

The House proceeded to the orders of the day, and resumed the consideration of the report on the subject of alterations of the bank.

In the Senate, on Wednesday, a bill was reported granting the aid of the State to the Eastern Railroad corporation, to the amount of $10,000.

The House, was sometime engaged on the Report and Resolve, respecting the suspension of specie payments.

A bill concerning Insurance Companies was read a third time, amended; and after striking out the second section, passed to be engrossed.

In Senate on Thursday an order of some importance relative to corporations was submitted by Mr Quincy of Suffolk.

Resolve passed to be engrossed:—Making an appropriation for the Quartermaster-General's department.

In the House, Bill reported, concerning the purity of Elections, which was read, ordered to a second reading, and to be printed.

Mr Huntington of Northampton, from the Committee on the Judiciary, on an order of Feb. 1st, submitted a report, concluding that the refusal of specie payments, by any bank, is such a violation of law that its charter may be declared forfeited, according to the provisions of the 40th section of the Revised Statutes. This report was made the order of the day for Friday, and directed to be printed.

Bill passed to be enacted:—To encourage the production of Wheat.

In the Senate on Friday March 2d, on motion of Mr Motley of Suffolk, Ordered, That the Committee on Mercantile Affairs, &c., inquire into the expediency of so amending the law regulating Insurance Companies as to provide that in cases where the capital stock of a company may have been reduced, said company shall be required to reduce correspondingly the amount of insurance on each risk, until the capital shall be restored.

Bills passed to be enacted:—To incorporate the proprietors of the Second Universalist Meeting-house in Lowell; to encourage the production of Wheat.

In the House, Bills reported, to provide for the compensation of the Board of Education; to protect the creditors and stockholders of corporations from loss by fraud or insolvency; concerning the election of parish officers.

Mr Lincoln from the same committee, to whom were referred the several subjects of the attendance of witnesses out of the Commonwealth, and of the attestation of contracts, reported that it is inexpedient to legislate thereon; read, and made the order of the day for tomorrow.

In the Senate, Saturday March 3d, *Bills passed to be enacted*;—Authorizing the First Parish in Brighton to sell parsonage property; authorizing the North Parish in Weymouth to sell parsonage lands; relating to Probate Courts in the county of Nantucket; to incorporate the Trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Meeting-house in Bradford.

The consideration of the bill for the punishment of highway robbery was resumed, and the question on its passage to a third reading was determined in the negative, yeas 9, nays 19.

In the House, Memorial presented, of the Essex county Teachers' Association, praying pecuniary aid; which was referred.

Bills reported;—Concerning School Committees; in addition to an act to provide for the better instruction of youth employed in manufacturing corporations.

The orders of the day were taken up, and several bills and resolves were read a second and third time.

In the Senate on Monday 5th, *Bills passed to be engrossed*;—To incorporate the 5th Universalist Society in Boston; in addition to an act to incorporate the South Boston Association; to incorporate the 1st Universalist Society in Andover; establishing additional terms of the Court of Common Pleas in Middlesex county.

In the House, Memorial presented, of the South Cove Corporation, in aid of a petition of the Seekonk Branch Railroad Company's petition.

Bills passed to be engrossed;—To defray the expenses of the Board of Education; repealing part of an act concerning the destruction of noxious animals.

A bill concerning ministerial funds was indefinitely postponed.

In the Senate, Tuesday March 6th, the bill, in addition to an act to aid the construction of the Eastern Railroad, was read a third time and passed to be engrossed.

The resolves against the annexation of Texas to the Union was taken up and ordered to a second reading.

The committee on the Judiciary, reported that it is inexpedient to legislate on the several subjects of the alteration of town lines, &c., and of the amount of stock requisite to qualify a stockholder to become a director of a bank; read and accepted.

Notice was given of the decease of John Pierce Jr of Somerset, a member of the House. Appropriate resolves were adopted expressive of the respect entertained for the deceased, and of sympathy with his family in their bereavement.

In the Senate, Wednesday 7th, *Bills reported*; Concerning Insurance Companies, without amendment; to authorize the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation to increase its capital stock.

An order from the House, of instructions to the Committee on Duelling, was read, and laid on the table.

In the House on motion of Mr Rantoul of Gloucester, Ordered, That the Committe on the subject of duelling be instructed to inquire into the expediency of requesting the Representatives of this Commonwealth in Congress to propose and use all reasonable exertions to effect the expulsion from Congress of any and all persons concerned as principal, abettors or accessories in the duel which resulted in the death of the late Jonathan Cilley; sent up for concurrence.

INTELLIGENCE.

Michigan.—The House of Representatives have adopted a resolution instructing their Senators, and requesting their Represenatives, to vote against any measure which has for its object the annexation of Texas to the Union. Ayes 42, nays 4.

The Legislature of Maine has repealed the law which allows creditors to attach pews in churches; and consequently they now are free from attachment in that State.

Execution was done during the past year, in Massachusetts, on eight thousand eight hundred and forty eight foxes, twenty-four wild cats, two wolves, and one bear. The bounty paid for the destruction of these animals exceeds $4500.—*Transcript.*

Manufacturing.—It appears from the recent statistical tables, that there are in the various woollen and cotton manufacturing establishments in this commonwealth, eight thousand six hundred and nine males employed as laborers. There are in these same institutions eighteen thousand two hundred and forty-two females.

The Spanish Bells.—Three of the Bells formerly belonging to Spanish Churches, which we mentioned a short time since, as having been sold in Europe for old copper, and sent to New York, by the purchasers, for sale there, have been purchased by Col. Fessenden, Engineer of the Eastern Rail Road, for the Depots of that Company at East Boston, Salem, and Newburyport. They were landed at Central wharf on Monday morning. Each of them possesses a fine musical tone, and may be heard at a great distance.—*Transcript.*

Meeting of the Congressional Temperance Society.—The meeting of the Congressional Temperance Society, in the capitol, on Tuesday evening, was exceedingly gratifying to the friends of this good cause. The lower part of the Hall was crowded with a select audience, among whom we noticed Mr Adams, Judge White, and very many Senators and Representatives, with a brilliant assemblage of ladies. The galleries were also filled. The chair was occupied by the Hon. Felix Grundy, Senator from Tennessee, President of the Society; and the meeting was opened by prayer from the Rev. Mr Slicer, Chaplain of the House of Representatives. The Rev. J. Marsh, Secretary of the American Temperance Union, gave a brief view of the present state of the temperance cause in this and in foreign countries, and offered a resolution, expressive of gratitude for the smiles of Providence upon the cause; which was seconded by Hon Mr Hall, member of Congress from Vermont. The Hon. John Reed, member of Congress from Massachusetts, offered a resolution respecting the encouragement of temperance among seamen in the merchant service and the navy, and made some practical and excellent remarks upon the subject. His resolution was seconded by Edward C. Delavan, Esq., of the state of New-York. The Hon. Joseph Noyes, member of Congress from Maine offered a resolution, respecting the success of the friends of temperance, in reforming and saving the grossly intemperate; which was seconded by the Hon. C. Morris, member of Congress from Ohio. The Hon J. T. Randolph, member of Congress from New-Jersey, offered a resolution, declaring that both Houses of Congress are entitled to the thanks of the country, for their prompt adoption of the standing rule, excluding spirituous liquors from the restaurants of the capitol, which he sustained in a short but spirited speech. The resolution was seconded by Dr Harvey Lindsly, of this city. A fifth resolution, touching the progress of temperance in foreign lands, was offered by the Hon. Mr Briggs of Massachusetts. This resolution was seconded by the Hon. James Silk Buckingham, ex-member of the British Parliament, and to whom the principal part of the evening was given. Mr Buckingham spoke an hour and a half, and though afflicted with a severe cold, sustained himself with great ability, and commanded the most silent attention. The meeting was dismissed by the Rev. Mr Reese, Chaplain of the Senate.—*National Intelligencer.*

Education in Ohio.—A tabular statement appended to the Superintendent's Report shows that for the year ending Oct. 23, 1837, Ohio had in operation 4336 public Common Schools, and 3175 private, and that the former were attended by 107,845 scholars, and the latter by 42,557. That the number of their school-houses is 4,378, and the value is estimated at $513,978.

Education in Algiers.—It appears, by late numbers of the Paris Moniteur, that the French Government has adopted measures for securing to Algiers and its dependencies the advantages of enlightened education. The following statement is condensed from the French papers for the S. S. Journal.

The course of instruction at the college of Algiers embraces the French, Arab, Greek, and Latin languages, geography, history, and the mathematics. The public course in the Arab language has, under the auspices of the young professor who has charge of it, fully justified the hopes that had been entertained.

The primary schools of Algiers are stated to be in a prosperous condition. Among the foremost is mentioned the academy of Madame Vealour, for the instruction of young ladies, in which there are 210 pupils. In this establishment 110 are taught gratuitously, while others pay in proportion to the branches which they learn. The children in this school are taught reading, writing, French grammar, sacred history and geography, and are instructed in needle-work. A school for young Moors exclusively has been established during the current year, and already contains 25 pupils, who are taught reading, writing, and calculation; besides which they receive information on European matters, and are exercised in studies which convey precise and accurate knowledge touching the principal discoveries in science, the condition of Europe, and the power of France.—The pupils are, in the main intelligent and full of zeal. Instruction at Oran and Bona is as yet confined to the primary schools, of which there are at the former place four, two male and two female; and at the latter two, one for male and the other for females.

The same article contains a tabular statement, from which it appears that the number of institutions and of pupils attached to them is as follows:—

The College of Algiers has	85 pupils.
The Common School for boys,	503
The Private School for boys,	37
The Common Schools for girls,	45
The Private Schools for girls,	334
Making a total of	1004

Of whom 802 are Europeans, 130 Moors, 37 Jews, and 80 Jewesses.

FRANCE.

Gambling in Paris.—By a recent law the gambling houses of Paris were to be closed with the close of the past year. A foreign correspondent of the New York American, under date of Dec. 30th writes thus:—

As the gambling houses of Paris are to be closed on the 31st inst. at midnight, a great number of the master mechanics and heads of manufactories have come to an agreement not to pay wages to their workmen until the 1st of January, in order to save as much as possible for their support. Of late the gambling resorts of every description have been constantly thronged to a degree which has rendered it difficult for the soldiery stationed to keep order, to accomplish this purpose. 'On the 31st,' say the journals, 'the crowd will rush to try for the last time the chances of fate.' It may be for the *last time* openly and legally, but to suppress or greatly diminish gambling in Paris is impracticable. The Director General of the Customs has just denounced the very extensive smuggling of foreign lottery tickets, since the abolition of domestic lotteries.

Duelling in France.—The Court of Cassation has just decided, in the most solemn mode, and after various appeals, that Duelling is a crime by the laws of France, and that seconds are likewise within the penal code.

Government of France.—About four hundred members of the Chamber of Deputies are present in Paris. The whole number of legal or inscribed electors, at the recent elections, was 198,836. Somewhat more than three-fourths of them voted, a much larger proportion than in 1831 and 1834. In 1834 the whole number of inscribed electors was but 173,296, so that the body (the pays legal of M. Guizot) may, in two or three lustres, equal that of the State of New York. Three hundred and ten of the members of the late Chamber were re-elected. There are one hundred and thirty-eight new members, but few of them old or elderly men. Twenty-three of the late Chamber were called to the peerage after the dissolution. The Chamber of Peers consists of three hundred and five; more than two hundred rarely meet for business. This body is generally able, and loyal to the Dynasty and Ministry.

* * * * * *

Stability in the government is the main desideratum for France. The frequent vicissitudes of ministry shake public confidence. I can say, as a witness, that the ministerial interregnum of three weeks last winter was an awful period in Paris. The factions all raised their crests, and agitated on every side. A number of the most experienced and intelligent politicians apprehended a violent revolution; it would not have surprised many. The Chambers could do no real business. Most of the foreigners in Paris felt lively alarm. The Royal power, the executive function and dignity, seemed to go a-begging; distrust and fear of regicide seemed to be at their height within and without the Tuilleries; reliance was placed upon the firmness of the King's character and the proximity of his large military force, but though insurrection might have been speedily crushed, it was still to be regarded as a dreadful incident. The termination of the dangerous suspense and manifold negotiation by the formation of a cabinet with so moderate and sensible a head as Count Mole, was doubly fortunate.

WARREN STREET CHAPEL.

The course of Lyceum Lectures for this season will close with a CONCERT, by the choir and a few friends, on Tuesday Evening at half past 7 o'clock. The music will consist of sacred melodies, Extracts from Haydn's 'Seasons' and several Glees.

A few Tickets may be had at the door.

MARRIAGES.

In Charlestown, Mr Thomas Hall to Mrs Elizabeth Manning.

In Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr Paige, Mr Reuben W. Parker to Miss Susan Burnham.

In Cambridgeport, on the 24th ult. by Rev. Mr Muzzey, Mr Orea Buckman to Mrs Rebecca Cummings, both of C.

In Malden, on Thursday evening, by Rev. Mr Harris, of Saugus, Mr Richard Yeaton, of Thornton, to Miss Charlotte M. Tufts, daughter of Mr Nathan Tufts.

In Newport, R. I., 27th ult by Rev. Mr Dumont, Mr Elisha F. Fales, this city, to Miss Mary T. daughter of Nathan C. Hammett, Esq.

In New York, Rev. Moses Marcus to Miss Marianne, daughter of Col E. G. House, of this city.

In Philadelphia, 1st inst., Hon. Heman Lincoln, of this city, to Mrs Hetty Gillson.

In Peoria, Ill. 17th ult. George T. Metcalf, Esq., late of Dedham, Ms., to Miss Caroline Louisa, daughter of Hon. Lewis Bigelow.

In Manchester, Eng. Mr Samuel D. Bradford of Roxbury, Ms., to Miss Julia Emma, daughter of Mr T. F. Taylor.

DEATHS.

In this city of consumption, Miss Rebecca Theresa Reed, 26.

On the 1st inst, Mr Charles C. P. Gale, Principal of the Young Ladies High School—with an ulcer on the brain.

Of lung fever, Mr John Pierce Jr aged 32 years—member of the Massachusetts Legislature, from Somerset.

In this city, Benjamin Dearborn Esq. 82.

In Roxbury, Ann Maria Hill, wife of Mr George Hill, and daughter of Mr Ephraim Harrington.

In Roxbury, Mr Francis Brinley, 66.

In Concord, Mr Samuel Emerson, 62, formerly of Chelmsford.

In New Bedford, on Sunday evening, Mr Jonathan C. Parmenter, 35.

In Pepperell, Mr George Blake, 25, son of Hon. George Blake of this city.

In Manilla, East Indies, Sept. 17, Mrs Russell Sturgis, daughter of the late Mr John Hubbard, of Boston.

In India in July last, accidentally killed by the fall of a tree, Rev. Jacob Thomas, missionary from this country. Mr T. was a native of Elbridge N. Y.

Also in India, in July last, of fever, Mrs Catharine B. M. Hall, wife of Rev. Levi Hall missionary of the Baptist Board of Missions. Mrs H. was a native of Southbridge, Mass.

—

In this city, J. S. Buckminster, son of Rev. S. K. Lothrop, 3.

Peace! peace! the little bosom
Labors with short'ning breath;
Peace! peace! that tremulous sigh
Speaks his departure nigh—
Those are the damps of Death!

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
A thing all health and glee,
But never then wert thou
So beautiful, as now,
Baby! thou seem'st to me.

God took thee in his mercy,
A lamb, untask'd, untried;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified.

WORCESTER'S Last Thoughts.—Last thoughts on Important Subjects, in three parts.
1. Man's Liability to Sin.
2. Supplemental Illustrations.
3. Man Capacity to Obey. By Noah Worcester, D. D., 1 vol, 12mo.

'It is the rare merit of the writer's mind, that, though always moving onward in his investigations, he moves so cautiously, and with such reverence for the truth, and such distrust of himself, that his 'Last Thoughts' on every subject are invariably his best.'—*Christian Examiner.*

Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. m 10

LADY'S BOOK, for March—containing Queen Victoria; Althea Vernon, by Miss Leslie; The Solitary Beauty, by Mrs Holland; Lines by Mellen; Margaret Haines, by Mrs Seba Smith; The Victims of Passion; The Wanderer's Story; two pages of Music, &c. &c. $3 per annum. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. m 10

RUSSELL on Gesture, new edition. Rudiments of Gesture, comprising illustrations of common faults in Attitude and Action, by William Russell, second edition improved, with fifty six engravings. To which is added, an Appendix, designed for practical exercise in Declamation; consisting of a debate on the character of Julius Caesar—by James Sheridan Knowles. This day published by G. W. PALMER & CO.

Also—*Russell on Enunciation*, containing a statement of Common Errors in Articulation, with the rules of correct usage in pronouncing. Published and for sale as above, 131 Washington street, up stairs. m 10

NEW BOOKS.

THE Great Metropolis 2d series.
The Divorced, by Lady Bury.
The World of Wonders.
Yankee Notions, 2d edition.
Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa Address 2d edition.
Received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. March 10

SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN STANDARD LITERATURE. Vols I and 2, containing Philosophical Miscellanies, translated from the French of Cousin, Jouffroy, and Benjamin Constant; with Introductory and Critical Notices; by George Ripley. Just published and for sale at TICKNOR'S. March 10

NOTICE.

MR GRAHAM will deliver Biblical Discourses every Sabbath day and evening at Amory Hall. The Seats will be free but collections will be taken up to defray the necessary expenses. To commence at the usual hours.

Mr Graham commences a course of Lectures on Diet and Regimen *This* (Saturday) *Evening* at the same place. 4t march 10

MEDICAL BOOKS.

CONSTANTLY for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets, all the popular works in the various department of Medicine, comprising all the new works in Anatomy, Surgery, Theory and Practice, Chemistry and Materia Medica, Midwifery and Medical Jurisprudence.

Physicians are invited to call and receive a late Catalogue of the above. Orders from the country promptly supplied. March 10

ALNOMUC, or the Golden Rule.—A Tale of the Sea, with twenty-four fine wood engravings—an excellent work for the young. Published by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. m 10 121 Washington street.

HOURS OF DEVOTION—Translated by Morris Mattson, second American, from the thirteenth German edition. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & Co. 134 Washington st. m 10

PARLOR REVIEW—La Revue des Salons—Journal of Music, Literature, and the Fine Arts,—4 pages English Micellany, 4 pages French, 4 pages Music, with a colored cover, for 10 per annum, at 121, Washington st. m 10 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

PURE SPERM OIL.

E. T. HASTINGS, 22 Merchants Row, has constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.

Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense. jan 13 istf

BOARD may be obtained, in a genteel private family, for three or four gentlemen, of quiet and orderly habits, by inquiring at this office.

*** Parents in the country, who have sons coming to the city to reside as merchant's apprentices, may obtain for them a safe and comfortable home, where the influences are favorrble to good morals, by inquiring as above. eptf m 3

PALFREY'S SERMONS.—Sermons on duties belonging to some of the Conditions and Relations of Private Life. By John G. Palfrey, D. D., Professor of Biblical Literature in the University of Cambridge.

'These Discourses of Professor Palfrey are entitled to an honorable place with those of Barrow, Tillotson, Secker, and Cappe; and they have the superior advantage of presenting within the limits of a single volume—of no ordinary typographical beauty—a natural and systematic arrangement of most of the private social duties. For ourselves we have perused them with satisfaction and thankfulness to the author.'

Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. m 10

CIRCULAR.

WILLIAM RUSSELL, respectfully informs parents and teachers, that his arrangements for classes in Elocution, are as follows:

A class of Young Gentlemen, on Wednesday afternoons, at Chauncy Hall, Chauncy Place

Classes of Young Ladies, on other afternoons, at their own residence.

Lessons given to Individuals, and to classes in Schools, at convenient hours.

Evening Circles for English Literature and for Elocution.

Mr R. may be found at Mr Thayer's Office Chauncy Hall. 3m d9

NEXT TERM.

THE next Term of the *Charlestown Female Seminary* will commence on Monday the 9th of April next, and will continue seventeen weeks.

Terms of Tuition.

For English branches	$10	for the Term.
" Languages—each	3	
" Drawing and Painting	3	
" Music	10	

Board in the Seminary House is charged at *cost*, and will not exceed, including washing, two dollars per week.

The younger pupils who board at the Seminary House will receive the particular attention of the Governess of the Institution. As some attention will be given to needle-work, they are requested to be furnished with such articles as they need for that purpose, also one or more pieces of plain sewing.

In letters for application it is requested that the age, attainments, &c., of the applicant be mentioned, that a suitable room-mate, and accommodations may be *seasonably* provided.

m 3 J. W. VALENTINE, *Secretary.*

NAMES OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

TO be seen in the Massachusetts Register,—such as Judges, Governors, Justices, Counsellors, Attorneys, Sheriffs, Postmasters, Physicians, Military Officers, Ministers in every town, Literary Men, Officers in Banks and Insurance Companies, Officers of the U. S. Government, Foreign Ministers, Consuls, &c., Army and Naval Officers, City Officers &c. &c. For sale by JAMES LORING, 132 Washington st. f 17

FOR SALE,

THE PROSPECT-HILL FARM in Middletown, R. I. This is one of the most pleasant situations that the eye can view on Rhode Island; it is about one mile from Newport line, on the main road; it contains about 80 acres of first rate land, enclosed in 17 lots, with stone walls, and 31 gates made of yellow pine and several iron gates with granite stone posts. The farm is well watered by springs in 10 lots, some of which are never known to fail. There is a beautiful grove consisting of a great number of wood trees, and one of the handsomest Orchards on the Island, containing 20 different kinds of the best selection of fruit trees the country can afford, with hundreds of Sycamore trees. A well of water near the door washes equal to rain water. The House is two stories high, of a good size and well finished, stone Barn, Cribb, Carriage House, Summer House, Sheep House, Workshop, and every other convenience necessary.

Apply to Capt. *BORDEN WOOD*, Newport.
BENJ. BROWN, Esq., Portsmouth.
HENRY BASTOW, Esq., New York.
MR. DAVID REED, Boston
Newport, R. I. Feb. 20th, 1838.

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Why should we mourn, that all things here
Are doomed to fade away,
Or that these frail and feeble forms,
Are destined to decay?
We know that, though the body fails,
The soul can never die,
But when it leaves its mortal frame
It soars to worlds on high.

God, in his mercies infinite,
Sends all things for our gain,
Though, in our cup of happiness
May sometimes mingle pain.
Trials and sorrows all are sent,
As time will always prove,
To turn our thoughts from things below
And fasten them above.

Then let us, since whate'er is given
Is meant but for our good,
Oh let us yield us to his will,
And kiss the chastening rod.
And say, as looking to the Cross,
Exclaimed his dying Son,
'Father, I bow at thy command,
Thy will, not mine, be done.'

Philadelhpia. J. M. P.

[From the Maryland Colonization Journal.]

THE ENFRANCHISED.

Among the emigrants who in the spring of 1837 returned to Africa, under the patronage of the 'Maryland Colonization Society,' was a man named Demba, old and blind—but a Christian.

'Old man! old man! with crisped hair,
And cheek of ebon dye,
What seek'st thou with such earnest air
'Neath Afric's sultry sky?
I saw thee on the vessel's prow
Long ere it near'd the land,
And read wild wishes on thy brow
To reach this burning strand.

What tale hast thou of stormy seas
When whelming waves rolled high?
What tidings from a distant clime,
Old stranger?'—No reply!
He felt the palm leaves fresh and cool
Sweep o'er his wither'd cheek,
And then his sightless eyes he raised,
With thoughts that none might speak.

They gently took his groping hands,
And on his footsteps led,
To where in ancient times arose
His father's lowly shed;
And there the breath of spice and gum
Rich o'er his senses stole,
And low winds whispering thro' the reeds
Made music in his soul.

Made music! such as still had slept
Since boyhood's early day,
When kidnapp'd, from his mother's arms,
They tore the slave away;
And while glad memory's magic hand
Light o'er her harp-strings ran,
To prayer, upon the glowing sand,
Knelt down that blind old man.

He praised the God of heaven and earth
For slavery's bitter chain,
For all the sorrows of his lot,
Beyond the western main;
Since thus the Bible's blessed lore
Was to his soul revealed,
The diamond-signet of the skies
Which had his pardon seal'd.

And sweet it was the voice to hear
Of that enfranchised slave,
Thus giving glory for a hope
That lives beyond the grave;
And sweet to think those blinded eyes
Should their Redeemer see,
And from time's dreary midnight burst
To bright eternity. L. H. S.

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE NEGRO.

BY SUSAN FISHER.

The Nobility of Portugal, when following their king to the Brazils, rendezvoused for some days at Plymouth. A captain took lodgings at Plymouth, and had to attend him two little negro slaves, to whom he was in the habit of behaving in the most cruel manner, frequently stripping them, and scratching their backs very severely with the point of a penknife. The landlord, compassionating the poor boys, protected them from his brutality so long as they remained at his house. The fleet being ready to sail, the captain with his victims went on board; but at night the little negroes succeeded in making their escape to the shore, and hid themselves in a barn. Handbills were circulated, and large rewards offered for their apprehension; but nothing was heard of them until, one night, the landlord of the house where they formerly lodged, was surprised with a visit from one of them, who presented himself before him, trembling, naked, and nearly famished. He administered to their wants, and bade them continue in their hiding place. A man going into the barn, discovered them; but, confused by their sudden appearance, he suffered them to go to the landlord's who refused to give them up. Their master appealed to the Magistrates, who appointed a day for a hearing. The landlord went to the Court, with his proteges clinging around him; and the result was, their informing the captain that his title to the slaves was forfeited; for by the laws of England, the moment a slave treads the British shore, he is free.

The boys afterwards became a part of the establishment of the Earl of Mount Edgcombe; but they always retained the greatest affection for their generous protector, whom they used to stile 'Father.' Some time afterwards, the landlord died, and the boys attended his funeral. From that period the youngest, whose name was Charles, was observed to droop; and though every thing was done to cheer him, it was of no avail. 'My poor Father dead!' the poor child used to say, 'me die too:' and in a short time, he died of a broken heart!

Peace to thee, little stranger!
The storms of life are o'er;
Here rest secure from danger,
On Britain's sacred shore.
Yes, thou shalt make thy pillow
Where lie the brave and free;
Thy master o'er the billow
Is not so blest as thee.

Thou didst not die reclining
Upon thy Mother's breast;
Another sun is shining
Where thou art doom'd to rest;—
Yet hearts of noblest feeling
Shall mourn thy long last sleep,
And softest eyes be stealing
To bless thy grave and weep.

Thine was the child-like spirit
Which ever dwells above;
There, through the Savior's merit,
Begin thy song of love!
The first-born sons of heaven
Will not despise thy hue;
Their mind to thee was given,
So tender and so true.

I will not pray that, hated
By every wretched slave,
The tyrant may be fated
To perish in the wave;—
But I will ask, imploring,
When I this life resign,
My spirit may be soaring
With souls as fair as thine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOUNDLING HOSPITAL AT PARIS.

We extract the following interesting and touching description of this Institution from Dr Humphrey's Letters published in the N. Y. Observer.

June 24. Took a long walk with my young friend and devoted guide, to visit the Foundling Hospital. It is a larger establishment than one would suppose could be needful, even in a great and profligate city. It is a noble edifice, and very pleasantly situated at no great distance from the Luxembourg. The first thing which arrested my attention, as we approached the main entrance, was an opening in the wall, large enough to admit the body of an infant, closed within by plain broad shutters, which the touching of a spring instantly opens, and presents a soft cushioned box turning upon a pivot, so that the abandoned little stranger can be taken into the house, by some one who is always ready to receive it. We were met at the door by one of the Sisters of Charity, and invited to follow her up stairs, into a long hall, where the sick are taken care of. Here we found several other females, tenderly ministering to the motherless and suffering objects around them. The infants lay upon neat little cots, with white curtains, ranged on each side of the hall, and over the head of which was pinned up a brief memorandum of the day when the child was brought in, the state of its health, &c. How many little creatures there were in the sick ward, at that time, we did not inquire; but O! it was enough to make any thing but a heart of stone ache, to look at them in their sufferings, and to hear their dying moans, as we passed from one end of the hall to the other. Two had just expired; others appeared to be in the agonies of death, and 'I praised the dead which were already dead, more than the living which were yet alive.'

In answer to the few questions which we asked, the principal nurse informed us, that upon an average, *fifteen* infants are brought in daily—that more are received in the day time than in the night—that after remaining there *eight* days, they are carried away and put out to nurse; but that during this short period, three out of five of all who are received die; and that very few survive their second years. What a picture! 'Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea they may forget.' They do forget. Here are annually between *five and six thousand* helpless innocents, disowned and abandoned by their guilty parents; and of these, between *three and four thousand* die in eight days from their birth. What a frightful, what a cruel waste of the buds and blossoms of life; and all this, in the most polite and fascinating city in the world! Politeness, elegant manners, fascinating conversation—what are these, without the restraints and purifying influences of religion? And here the question arose in my mind. Is this great foundling hospital, with all its soft pillows and tender nursing, a blessing or a curse to the French metropolis? Does it relieve more human misery than it occasions? Does it purify or deprave the morals of the people? With the motives of its founders I have nothing to do. They may have been exceedingly humane, however mistaken: and the benevolence of those devoted females who give their nights as well as their days to the care of these infants, I see no reason to doubt. But may not thousands be induced, by the provision which is here made, to give themselves up to licentiousness, and abandon the offspring of their sin and shame? A great deal of suffering is unquestionably relieved, and some children are saved, who, but for this asylum, would be left to perish. But does it not operate as a premium upon one of the most demoralizing and destructive vices which can be named, and thus greatly increase the number of the sufferers? While both humanity and religion require that some provision should be made for foundlings in large cities, it is a very nice question in ethics, as well as civic economy, how ample and how accessible the provision should be. There is danger of doing too much, as well as of doing too little. What would be the effect of creating an immense foundling hospital, with its opening in the wall, and cushioned box, and sisters of charity, in New York or Philadelphia? Were the prince of darkness himself allowed to adopt his own measures for converting either of these cities into a vast brothel, would not this be one of them? Is it uncharitable to surmise that in Paris and other Catholic cities of Europe, such appendages to their abbeys and nunneries are so essential, that a licentious priesthood would find it extremely difficult to do without them?

Returning from the *Hopital des Enfans Trouves*, adove described, we stopped for a few moments at *La Morgue*, the place where persons found dead are laid, that they may be owned by their friends. It is a low square building, close by the river, into which all the bodies are brought every morning, as they are fished up from the Seine or found dead in the streets of Paris. You shudder as you enter this charnel house of suicides and assassination. From a damp and gloomy hall or entry, you look through a window into a long narrow room, where the corpses are laid upon separate biers, or wide forms, raised at the head to an angle of about thirty degrees, so as to give you a full view of the countenances. It is not uncommon for several of these biers to be occupied at once by male and female victims, some in the bloom of youth, and others in the more advanced periods of life; and there is hardly a day in the year, but that you may see one or more dead bodies in the Morgue. They remain there till towards evening, when, if not claimed, they are buried, or carried away to the dissecting room. How many had been there that morning, we did not learn. We found but one of the biers occupied, and that was by a fine looking man about 50. His neck and breast were exposed, to show the poinard wounds by which he undoubtedly fell. What a state of society must that be which requires the active use of the drag-net by the police, every morning, to prevent the river from being choked up and putrified by human carcases! Can you find a parallel to this, in any Protestant city in the world! Many suicides and murders there are in London; but I was assured they bear no proportion to those of Paris. And is it at all to be wondered at, that when, as in France, the majority of the more enlightened classes, disgusted with the senseless mummery of Popery, 'swing from the moorings' of Christianity, into the mad stream of infidelity, they should dye it with their own blood? When man has once thrown off all the restraints of religion, and all fear of death, and yielded himself up to the hurricane of his own wicked passions, he becomes an incarnate demon, or worse; for when were demons ever known either to turn and lay hands upon themselves, or to tear one another to pieces?

Anecdote.—The Rev. Mr ———, a Scotch minister of some honor, was one day walking through the streets of Edinburgh, dressed in his rough country clothes, when a young lady, the leader of a group of fashionable belles, surveyed him through her quizzing glass rather more curiously than he thought consistent with female delicacy. Seeming suddenly to recognize her, he walked briskly up to her, and seizing her hand with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, accosted her with—

'My dear Maria! how do you do?—how left you your worthy father and venerable mother?—and when did you come to town?'

All this was expressed with all the energy and rapidity of a surprised recognition of an old and familiar friend—and with an air of equality a little savoring of superiority. The astonished fair one had not time to withdraw her hand or to make a reply, until he paused, as if out of breath, and waited for her to return his friendly greetings, looking her still in the face. The fine young lady had by this time recovered from her confusion, and hastily withdrawing her hand, said with some alarm—

'You are mistaken, sir.'

'What,' replied he, 'is it possible, my dear, that you do not know me?'

'Indeed, I do not, sir.'

'Neither do I you,' said the parson.—'Good morning, madam'—and making a ceremonious bow, he walked away.

She was perfectly cured of quizzing strangers in the street.

THE SEA CAPTAIN.

The stage was crowded with passengers as it passed from New York to Boston. It was late in the evening when one of the passengers, a sea captain, endeavored to excite the attention of the drowsy company by giving a relation of his own situation. He had been to sea in a fine ship; in a dreadful storm his ship had been wrecked, every cent of his money and all his property destroyed, and every soul on board had been lost, except the captain, who had saved his life by being on a plank, at the mercy of the waves, for several days together. The company was interested in this narrative; they pitied the poor unfortunate captain, who was returning home to his family entirely destitute; but they wondered that a man relating such a tale, and telling of an escape almost miraculous, should confirm almost every sentence with an oath. Nothing, however, was said to him. In the morning when the stage stopped, a Mr B., one of the passengers invited the captain to walk on before with him, and they should step into the stage when it should come up. The proposal was agreed to. They walked on alone. Says Mr B., did I understand you last night, the stage made such a noise; did you say that you had lost your ship?—'Yes.' That all the crew were drowned except yourself? 'Yes.' That you saved your life on a plank? 'Yes.' Let me ask you one more question; when on that plank did not you vow to your God, that if he would spare your life, *you would devote your life to his service*? 'None of your business,' said the captain angrily. The stage by this time came up, and they entered it.

Towards evening, as the stage was entering Providence, the captain informed the company that he could not sup with them, as he was so unfortunate as not to have any money. Mr B. takes from his pocket, and offers him a handsome bill. 'No,' says the captain, 'I am poor, yet I am no beggar.' But, replied Mr B., I do not give it to you as to a beggar, but as to an unfortunate brother. You must learn that I profess to be a *Christian*, and I am taught by my religion to do good unto all men. The Gospel prescribes no limit to benevolence; it teaches us to do good to all.' The company applauded, and pressed the captain to take the money. He silently put it into his pocket, without even thanking the donor; though his countenance betrayed uneasiness.—The company supped together, and the captain bid each adieu, after having asked Mr B. when he left town. He was informed on the morrow at sunrise. They then parted as it was supposed, for ever. The captain went home with a heavy heart, while Mr B. retired to rest, satisfied that he had honored his father who seeth in secret. He was surprised at the next morning at daylight, to hear some one rap at the door. He opened it, and beheld the captain standing before him in tears. The captain took his hand, pressed it, and said, 'Sir, I have not slept a wink since I saw you; I abused you yesterday; I am now come to ask your pardon. I *did*, while on that plank, vow to God, that I would live differently from what I ever had done; and by God's help, from this time forward, I am determined to do so.' The captain could not proceed; they pressed each other's hand, and parted, probably to meet no more in this world.

How to make the Cottage smile.—A blacksmith in one of the Southern States, who had been fond of the social glass, and whose house and land were under mortgage, recently joined a Temperance Society. About three months after, he observed his wife busily employed in planting rose bushes and fruit trees.

'My dear,' he says, 'I have owned this lot for five years, and yet I have never known you before to manifest any desire to improve and ornament it in this manner.'

'Indeed,' was her reply, 'I had no heart to do it until you joined the Temperance Society. I had often thought of it, but I was persuaded that should I do it, some stranger would pluck the roses and eat the fruit. Now I know that, with the blessing of providence, this lot will be ours! and we and our children shall enjoy its products. 'We shall pluck the roses and eat the fruit.'

A watch consists of 992 pieces, while forty-three trades, and probably 215 persons, are employed in making one of these little machines.

We want nothing but the return of apostolical simplicity, self-denial, and love, to bring a Pentecostal effusion of the Spirit upon our ministrations.—*Bridges*

CLOCKS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

At St Mary's church, in Dantzic, West Prussia, is a large astronomical clock, made in the year 1470 by Hans Duringer, a native of that city. It has been stopped for more than three hundred years. When going, it showed not only the hours and days of the month, but also the nightly position of the planets, and was besides furnished with a variety of figures set in motion by the works within. The story goes that Duringer (who had obtained great celebrity by this master-piece of ingenuity) was invited by the citizens of Hamburgh to make one of the same kind for them. But the people of Dantzic, jealous that any other town should possess a clock equal to theirs, insisted on Duringer's refusing the invitation, and finding that he could not be prevailed on to decline an honorable and lucrative proposal, they put it out of his power to accept it, by barbarously depriving him of his eyes. He did not long survive the melancholy condition to which he had been reduced by his wicked townsmen; and shortly before his death the blind artist caused himself to be led to the clock which had proved so unfortunate to him, and which was then in regular motion as usual. Feeling among the wheels and springs which he so well understood, and whose arrangement he perfectly recollected, Duringer, with a pair of scissors, cut in two a single wire, of such importance that by dividing it the whole mechanism was deranged, and the works could never again be made to move. All attempts to repair it have failed, and the clock is still silent and motionless though shown to strangers as one of the curiosities of Dantzic.

Clocks have been in use at least a thousand years. It is related in an old chronicle that in 809 the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid (so well known to the readers of the Arabian Tales) presented to the emperor Charlemagne of France a clock to which small bells were attached, and in which, precisely at the hour of twelve, figures came out from twelve little doors, and then retired again.

In the city of Basil or Basle in Switzerland, the clocks go an hour faster than elsewhere; for instance, when it is but one o'clock in all the villages around, it is exactly two at Basle. This singular custom is dated, according to tradition, about four hundred years ago, during a period of hostilities between the Swiss and their German neighbors on the other side of the Rhine, which is here crossed by a bridge. The Germans had concerted a secret attack upon Basle, thinking to take the town by surprize in the middle of the night, and the signal for assault was to be when the great clock in a tower at the Swiss end of the bridge should strike one. The artist who had the care of the clock, being privately apprised of this design, caused the clock to be set forward; so that at the hour appointed by the assailants it struck two instead of one. In consequence of this the enemy, on hearing it, gave up the attempt; thinking that they were an hour too late, and that consequently their enterprize would not succeed. In commemoration of this deliverance, the clocks of Basle have ever since struck two instead of one, being always kept an hour in advance.

The patriotic clock maker, whose device had saved the city, afterwards constructed a wooden head representing that of a Swiss warrior, and placed it near this memorable clock, by the machinery of which it is made to loll out its tongue every minute in derision of its ancient enemy whose territory begins at the other end of the bridge. This head has been repaired, renewed, and kept contemptuously thrusting out its tongue at the Germans for more than four centuries: the people of Basle seeming to think that so excellent a joke cannot be too often repeated.

In the court-yard of the palace of Versailles is a large clock with only one hand. It is called 'the king's death clock,' and contains no works inside, but consists of a face or dial in the form of a sun, surrounded by rays extending to the hour and minute figures. On the death of a king of France the hand is set to the moment when he breathed his last, and it remains unaltered during the whole of the next reign, and till his successor has also ceased to live. The custom originated with Louis the Thirteenth, and continued till the Revolution. It was revived on the death of the Eighteenth Louis, and the hand still continues fixed on the precise moment of that monarch's death.

Religious Magazine.

Mathematics and Physics.—The word digit, applied to the 10 figures, comes from *digitus*, a finger: computation being in ancient times, performed by the ten fingers. The first writer who used Algebraic signs was Situlius, of Nuremberg, in 1544.—And the oldest work on Algebra is that of Diophantus, who flourishd at Alexandria in the 4th century. Its improvers were Victa, Descartes, Newton, Euler, and La Grange.

The hexagonal cells of bees present the greatest space with the least labor. The male cells are invariably 5-8 of an inch, and the female 13-60ths, always and everywhere.

A man five feet six inches high, on the sea shore or on level ground, can see about three miles distant.

A horse can perform the work of 7 men, or only of 3 men, according to the work or position, but five is taken in the mean.

The 26 letters of the alphabet make 403 quintillians of combinations; 20 make 2 1-2 quadrillions; and 12 would make 479 millions.

The mechanical powers may be reduced to three, but they are usually expressed as six, viz: the lever, the wheel and axle, the pulley, the inclined plane, the screw and the wedge.

As every human being had two parents, these four, and these eight, in three generations; ancestors thus double in every generation of 33 1-2 years, and eight fold in every 100 years; so going back another 100 years, or to 1730, the ancestry of every living person would be 8 times 8 or 64; in 1530 it would be 8 times 64 or 512; in 1430 it would be 4076; 1330, 32,768; in 1230, 221;344, in 1130, 2,097,152; and at the era of the conquest, the ancestry of every one of the English family was the whole population of England; while on the other hand every one having children at that time was the direct progenitor of the whole of the living race. In this way the average powers of humanity and of animals are kept up, and without mixture families deteriorate in faculties, and become extinct. In one nation the people are all kindred in remote degrees, and had common ancestry.

PITKIN'S SERMONS.—Just published at the office of the Christian Register—Sermons by Rev J. B. Pitkin, late Pastor of the Independent Christian Church in Richmond, Va., with a memoir of the Author, by Rev. S. G. Bulfinch.

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CHRISTIAN EXAMINER NO. 85, for March, 1838. Edited by Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood, and Rev. James Walker, D. D.

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The following are a very few of the numerous highly commendatory notices of the above work, which have recently appeared in respectable periodical prints in various parts of the country:

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'It is replete with good common sense, sound reasoning, scriptural testimony, and felicitous illustration from all sources. Our advice to every *young* wife, and to all *elder* wives, who are willing to improve themselves and their families, is, to procure this book, and read it; and read it again and again, and they will not fail to appreciate its worth.'—*Boston Recorder.*

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